AN ESSAY UPON Sublime.

Translated from the Greek of DIONYSIUS LONGINUS CASSIUS, the *Rhetorician.*

Compar'd with the French of the Sieur *Despreaux Boileau.*

Μεγάλως ἀπολισθαίνειν, ἁμάρτημ' εὐγενές. Longin. c. 2, p. 7,

——— ——— *Ex*

Græcis *Bonis* Anglicanas *fecit non Bonas.*

Terent.

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TO

John Atherton, Esq;

OF

GRAYS-INN.

SIR,

THO' I have reaſon to be aſham'd of ſending this dull Verſion into the World, yet I am juſtly proud of gracing it with ſo good a Patronage as yours. If I were Maſter of the ſtyle us'd in the modiſh Dedications of the Age, I would tell you, that I am conſcious, that *Longinus* has ſuffer'd his ſecond Tortures from me, and that I have been more cruel to our Rhetorician, than the Emperour *Aurelian* himſelf; becauſe I have murder'd him in that, in which every Writer has the vanity to think himſelf immortal, his Wit and Fame: And therefore the only ſatisfaction which I could make him for Tranſlating him ill, was to Dedicate

him well. An Epiſtle Dedicatory according to the Mode, by a ſtrange ſort of Prophecy, would inform you, that if you had liv'd in the times of *Longinus*, he would have neglected *Poſthumius Terentianus*, by inſcribing the Original to you. For a faſhionable Dedicator can as eaſily beſtow all good Qualities on his Patron, whatſoever his real Character may be, as *Sir Godfrey* draw a Beau in Armour, or a Coward diſgracing a Truncheon. But you have no need of being flatter'd, either by the Pencil or Pen; and your Perfections are in no want of being oblig'd by Painter or Dedicator. I ſhall therefore paſs that pleaſing Image by, as not fit to be prophan'd by ſuch vulgar Hands as mine. Yet 'tis with the greateſt ſelf-denial, that I do not touch upon what I muſt own I moſt admire you for, your Virtue; which I am perſwaded has had ſuch a conſtant aſcendant over all your actions, that on that account you eſpecially deſerve to be recommended, as a Pattern, to all the young Gentlemen of the Nation. But 'tis as hard to deſcribe your Virtues, as 'tis to imitate them; and I ſhould bluſh, a thing which people

ſeldom

ſeldom do who have had the boldneſs to write, to ſee them look in my Draught ſo far below their beauteous Original. I ſhall only then be guilty of the injuſtice of diſturbing your better employ'd Minutes, in giving you an imperfect account of our Author, of this his Work, and of what ought not to be nam'd in the ſame Page, my rude Tranſlation.

The particular place where *Dionyſius Longinus Caſſius* was Born, is not known. That he was a Native of ſome Country, where *Greek* was the vulgar Language, appears from the tenth Chapter of this Treatiſe which I adorn with your Name: for in the Parallel between *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, he gives himſelf the Title of * *Grecian*; and ſomewhat lower, he ſtyles *Demoſthenes* his † Countryman. The laborious *Gabriel de Petra* and our judicious *Langbain* conjecture, that he was a *Syrian*, becauſe he was a Miniſter of State under *Zenobia* Queen of *Palmyra* in *Syria*. But the gueſs is

* εἰ καὶ ἡμῖν ὡς Ελλησιν ἐφῆται, &c. † καὶ ὁ μὲν ἡμέτερος, &c.

plainly falſe; for * *Vopiſcus* giving an account of that bold Letter which *Zenobia* ſent to the Emperour *Aurelian*, ſays, that *Aurelian* from the ſtyle judg'd it to be compos'd by our *Longinus*, notwithſtanding that the Language of it was *Syriack*. *Longinus* was not therefore a Native of any Country where *Syriack* was generally us'd.

The time in which he flouriſh'd is ſtated by † *Suidas*, to be under *Aurelian*, about the 262 *Olympiad*. But this aſſertion muſt be taken with ſomething of latitude: for he may rather be ſaid to have dy'd under *Aurelian*, to the diſgrace of that brave, but cruel Prince, than to have flouriſh'd under him. So that our Author may be more juſtly plac'd under *Gordian*, *Philip*, *Decius*, *Valerian*, *Gallienus*, *Claudius*, *Odenatus* the Husband of *Zenobia*, than under *Aurelian*. He was Cotemporary therefore with the *Plato* of the Chriſtians, the famous *Origen*; with St. *Cyprian*, *Plotinus*,

* *F. Vopiſcus Syracus*, in *Valeriano*. † Suidas *in the word* Longinus, *p.* 52. *Tom.* 2. Colon. Allobrog.

and

and *Porphyry*; *Herodian* and *Dion Caſſius*, Hiſtorians; with *Dionyſius* the Geographer, and the Poet *Oppian*. He liv'd alſo near the times of that famous Magician *Apollonius Tyaneus*, whom *Philoſtratus* makes our Saviour's Rival in Birth, Virtues, Miracles, nay and in his * Divinity too. Tho' it muſt be confeſs'd, that *Apollonius* himſelf in his † Epiſtles, if they are genuine, always diſown'd Divinity.

The Profeſſion of our Author was chiefly Rhetorick, not purely that Scenick kind of Rhetorick which was taught in the Schools; which *Petronius Arbiter*, *Lucian*, and the more delicate Criticks are ſo pleaſant upon; but ſuch as made *Pericles* and *Demoſthenes*, *Brutus* and *Cicero*, ſo famous at *Athens* and *Rome*.

As he was an accompliſh'd Rhetorician, ſo he ſeems not to have been a Philoſopher of the laſt rate. That Diſcourſe which remains of his in * *Euſebius*, againſt the *Materiality of the Soul*,

* Philoſtrat. Τῦ βίυ Ἀπολλωνίυ Τυανέως *Book* 8. *chap.* 12. † *As in his* 8th *Epiſtle to* Euphrates. *Edit.* Lubin. * *Præpar. Evang.* p. 822.

is very noble, as well as ſubtile; and ſhews him to have been an exact *Platoniſt*. *Plotinus* indeed ſays, that he only deſerves the Title of a Philologiſt; yet if we compare his Reaſonings with thoſe of *Plotinus*, which † follow next in *Euſebius*, we ſhall diſcover, that the former may lay as juſt a claim to the Character of Philoſopher, as the latter.

His Death, which is the moſt memorable Incident that Antiquity has left us of this great Man, is thus deſcrib'd by *Zoſimus* and *Vopiſcus*.

After the Conqueſt of *Palmyra*, the *Tadmor* of *Solomon*, call'd alſo *Adrianople*, *Aurelian* return'd to * *Emiſa*, where he commanded his Royal Slave *Zenobia*, juſt before made Priſoner, and others of his chief Captives to appear before him. The Queen's behaviour in that juncture did not reach up to that gallant Character, which † *Aurelian* had before tranſmitted of her to the Senate. For ſhe made uſe of all little feminine

† *P.* 823. * *Perhaps the* Emiſſa *of* Ptolomy, *p.* 140. *Edit.* Bertij. † Trebell. Pollio, *p.* 264.

Arts

Arts to ſave her own Life, alledging that ſhe was wrought upon by the inſinuations of her Courtiers, to eſpouſe a Party, as much oppos'd to her own inclinations, as to the intereſt of *Aurelian*. And then ſhe accus'd *Longinus* as the moſt active promoter of the late War, and as a violent Enemy to the Roman Government. *Aurelian* upon this immediately commanded his Death, which he * ſuffer'd with all the gallantry and courage of One, who was not only a Philoſopher in his Diſcourſe, but alſo in his Soul and Spirit; and who acted with the ſame Sublimity with which he wrote. His Maſter † *Plato* had taught him, that Immortality was as naturally imply'd in the Soul, as Imparity in a Triad; and that when this immortal Part has once receiv'd its Idea's, it muſt for ever Think. Such Reflections as theſe made him willing to purchaſe his Liberty by his Death, and to be again united with the common Ætherial Spirit, which inſpires, feeds and ani-

* Zoſim. *Hiſtor. Lib.* 1. *p.* 51. † *In* Phædone, *and elſewhere.*

mates

mates the Univerſe. Thus Died the *Socrates*, the *Cato* of his Age. But what he has written will never die: the Tyrant had no power over this, but it ſhall ſtill ſurvive, flouriſh and pleaſe, in ſpight of the injuries of Time, the differences of Taſtes through ſo many Ages, and the dullneſs of Tranſlators. You, SIR, who accurately underſtand the Original, will not judge of its Beauties by any Tranſlation, much leſs by mine, which no more reſembles *Longinus*, than our common Paints match *Titian*, or *Rubens*.

This Piece was compos'd againſt *Cecilius*, a *Sicilian*, who had written on the ſame Subject in the * Reign of that Patron of Learning, *Auguſtus*. 'Tis inſcrib'd to *Poſthumius Terentianus*, the ſame, as ſome fancy, who wrote of the *Meaſures of the Roman Poetry*. The work is imperfect, yet has it had always the ſame Honour paid it, which is uſually given to the half-faces and disfigured pieces of Antique ſtatues, thoſe venerable *Frammenti Stroppiati*, ſuppos'd to be done

* *Dionyſ. Halicarnaſſ.*

by

by ſome eminent Hand. Nor has any Perſon, that I know, been ſo bold as to criticiſe upon this great Maſter of Critick, except the ingenious and malicious * *Tanaquil Faber*, and † *Pet. Daniel Huetius*, Præceptor to the *Dauphin*, and a Biſhop in *France*. As to *Faber*'s Criticiſms, they are not much to be regarded, becauſe there is ſcarce any Author of Antiquity, which can in all points pleaſe this nice Judge. He would quarrel with the Goddeſs of Love, on account of her Mole; and ſince he ſeems to admire none more than *Longinus*, his admiration of him may attone for his little cavils againſt him. But as to the Sieur *Huet*, a very learned Man, almoſt equal to the former, tho' quite over-run with *Rabbiniſm*, and an affectation of ſingularity; I ſhall, with your leave, paſs a tranſient view upon what he has ſaid, becauſe he inſults the moſt remarkable paſſage in our Author.

His Objection is level'd againſt that famous place, taken notice of by ſo

* *Notis ad* D. Longinum, *p.* 253. *and elſewhere.* † *Demonſtrat. Evangel.* p. 65, *&c.*

many

many, quoted from the *Geneſis* of *Moſes*: on which he remarks, *firſt*, that it is not Sublime, and *ſecondly*, that *Longinus* never ſaw the Paſſage in *Moſes*, but took it upon truſt from ſome other Author. To the firſt, 'tis plain that the words are not ſublime, or magnificent; but the Thoughts are truly lofty. Nothing could have given us a nobler proſpect of the greatneſs of God, than his commanding the World to Be, in ſo few, and ſo well choſen words. Compare this with the more artificial Style of * *Joſephus*, on the ſame Subject, and you will find how far Inſpiration out-does the greateſt Wit. Mr. *Huet* did not obſerve that *Longinus* here was deſcribing that Sublimity, which riſes from the greatneſs of Thought, and not from the magnificence of Words. Hence he makes *Silence* it ſelf ſublime, as that of † *Ajax* in *Elyſium*. For ſublime Words without great Thoughts are only fit for Burleſque, as we ſee in the *Lutrin* of *Boileau*, and the Italian *Secchia rapita* &c. Hence in the Tranſlation, I have en-

* Joſeph. *cap.* 2. ἀρχαιολ. Ἰουδαικ. † *Chap.* 7.

deavour'd

deavour'd to keep a modeſty of Words, (which perhaps ſome will call an Humility,) in the moſt exalted Pieces. The ſecond Objection is, that *Longinus* never ſaw the Paſſage in *Moſes*, becauſe he cites it in different Words from thoſe in *Geneſis*. To this I reply, that *Longinus* very often takes only the Sence of his Authors, as far as relates to his purpoſe, and not the very Expreſſions. Thus in one of the firſt hints borrowed from *Sophocles*, * the Words are much chang'd from the Original. Thus in the 13*th* Chapter, the Image which he takes out of the *Seven before Thebes* is quite alter'd from what is in the Poet; and ſo in other places. Shall we then ſay, that he never read *Sophocles* or *Æſchylus*? Or can we ſuppoſe, that ſince his Royal Miſtreſs *Zenobia* was either a Jew, as *Faber* aſſerts, or a Chriſtian, as † *Baronius*, that her Favourite could be ignorant of the Moſaick Writings, ſo important to both Religions?

* *Cap.* 2. Μικροῖς μὲν αὐλίσκοισι, φορβειᾶς δ' ἄλλης, *in* Longinus. Φυσᾷ γὰρ ὁ σμικροῖσιν αὐλίσκοις ἕλι, ἀλλ' ἀγρίαις φύσαισι, φορβειᾶς δ' ἄλλης, *in* Sophocles. † Annals, *Tome* 1. *p.* 794.

Thus

Thus far have I vindicated our Author, from the wrongs others have done him; but thoſe which I have been guilty of, by ſo ill reſembling his noble Sence, cannot ſo eaſily be wip'd off. Yet if the impartial Critick would conſider the ſhortneſs of the time in which this Tranſlation was done, ſome Years ſince for my own diverſion, and to make my ſelf Maſter of the Author; and that it was perform'd upon no other Edition, but the common ones of Dr. *Langbain*, and *Gabriel de Petra*; it might form ſome excuſe for the Tranſlator, if not procure Pardon for one, who only deſires that this Verſion may be ſpar'd, and that all the fury of the Critick may fall upon the next. Afterwards indeed, as was fit, I reviſ'd it by *Faber* and *Boileau*; but as for *Tollius*, he had not then written. But after all, the only juſt Apology which I can make for ſending this Verſion into the World, is to be the firſt Diſcoverer of what a Patron of Learning you are like to prove. So that I had almoſt ſaid, That for the Honour of ſuch a diſcovery, who would not hazard his Credit in an exact Age?

'Tis

'Tis remarkable, that *Alexander* was firſt ſung by *Chærilus*, but then the Wits of that and all ſucceeding Ages, drown'd the harſhneſs of his Rhymes in the moſt tuneful Praiſes of the Heroe. Thus I am the firſt who have dedicated to you, but the diſgrace, I preſage, will be taken off, when the *Drydens* and *Congreves* ſhall honour their Works with your Name. I am ſenſible, that this whole Tranſlation is ſo liable to cenſure, that even the Title may be criticis'd upon, and ſome may queſtion, why it ſhould be ſtyl'd an *Eſſay*. But I think that this Word well enough expreſſes the * Greek. Through the whole in the Proſe I have kept cloſe to the Greek; and the Verſe, in its greateſt diſtance, is nearer than the French, tho' far below its height. Where I have made the greateſt deviations, I have put the Greek at the bottom, when our Language would not bear a Metaphraſe. The Tranſlation being in its firſt draught done after Dr. *Langbain*, the Chapters follow his diviſion. When I began it, I

* Βιβλίον, συνταγμαπίον, &c.

deſign'd

deſign'd to have parallel'd every Part in *Longinus* with our modern Poets. Thus does not the deſcription of the true God in *Milton*, match that of the falſe ones in *Homer?*

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean, &c. Milt. *Parad. loſt.* B. 3.

Does not that in *Taſſo*, out-do both in his *Godfrey? v. my Newtons Milt. 3, 62.*

Sedea cola, don d'egli e buono, e giuſto
Dà legge à tutto, e l' tutto orna, e produce,
Soura i baſſi confin, del mondo anguſto,
E de l' Eternità, &c. Canto nono, 56 Stanza.

And ſo in other inſtances of *Sublime.*

But this Task I leave to abler hands, being convinc'd how far I have miſtaken the force of my Genius, in attempting *Longinus*. Could I preſume to recommend this Undertaking to you, who are ſuch a curious Judge of the Beauties of Modern Compoſitions, you might from Patron of a bad Tranſlation, become Author of an excellent Original, and teach me to write better.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Devoted,
Humble Servant.

AN ESSAY UPON Sublime.

CHAP. I.

The Occaſion and Deſign of the whole Work.

YOU know, my deareſt *Poſthumius Terentianus*, that when we read over together that Piece, which *Cecilius* has compos'd of *Sublime*, we were both of the ſame ſentiment, * That the Treatiſe was too contracted for ſuch a vaſt Subject; that the Maſter-ſtrokes were left untouch'd; and that That which he had perform'd beſt, would be but of ſmall advan-

* *The Sieur* Boileau *tranſlates it*, Que la baſſeſſe de ſon ſtile repondoit aſſez mal à la dignite de ſon Sujet. *But falſly, though very ingeniouſly and ſuitably to Dr.* Langbain's *Tranſlation.* Dacier.

tage to the Reader; which yet ought to be the deſign of every good Writer. More than this, That in the managing of every Art, two things were to be minded with the ſtrongeſt application; the one is to ſet the Subject in the beſt light, and the other to ſhew how, and by what means we may compaſs the practice of what we teach. *Cecilius* has confin'd himſelf with great cloſeneſs to the former of theſe; he has try'd all ways of ſhewing what *Sublime* is, as if it was ſome very obſcure Myſtery; but he has been ſilent, as if it was a trivial enquiry, in acquainting us with what may raiſe our Natural Parts to this height of *Sublime*. But to paſs an impartial judgment on this Writer, I think he is not ſo much to be cenſur'd for his Negligence in what he is imperfect in, as honour'd for his Induſtry in what he has finiſh'd, and for his Endeavour to do well ~~in both~~. But ſince it was at your ſpecial command, that I deſign'd this rough draught of *Sublime*, let us ſee whether we can find any thing in it, that may prove uſeful to an Orator. And it is at your peril, my deareſt Friend, that we muſt re-view this Piece of mine; and I conjure you to tell me your true Sence of it, with that freedom and candour, which we owe to thoſe we have lodg'd the neareſt our hearts. For as a very * great Man obſerv'd long ago; *If we have any way of approaching the Gods, it muſt be by doing Good, and ſpeaking Truth.* And

* *Pythagoras.*

And here I cannot but take notice, that as You, the Perſon to whom I addreſs this Diſcourſe, are a Gentleman ſtock'd with all polite Learning, ſo it will be unneceſſary to embarraſs it with a long preamble of uſeleſs Diſcoveries, before I fall upon the point: As that *Sublime* is the Excellence and ſovereign Beauty of a Diſcourſe, and that it rais'd the greateſt Poets and Orators of Antiquity to that pitch and fame, which they have maintain'd againſt all Poſterity. For great and lofty Thoughts do not ſo truly perſwade, as charm and throw us into a Rapture. They form in us a kind of Admiration made up of Extaſy and Surprize, which is quite different from that motion of the Soul, by which we are pleas'd, or perſwaded. Perſwaſion has only that power over us, which we will give it; but *Sublime* carries in it ſuch a noble Vigour, ſuch a reſiſtleſs Strength, which raviſhes away the hearer's Soul againſt his conſent. Tho' Invention ſparkles, tho' order and juſtneſs of Thought diſplay themſelves, not only in two or three lucky hits in a Diſcourſe, but even through the whole train of it, yet do they ſcarce ſtrike on the Mind. But a *ſublime* flight, tho' 'tis only once darted, if it is well plac'd, like a Tempeſt, carries all before it, and ſhews all the ſtrength of an Orator combin'd into one ſtroke. But theſe Rules, and others of greater value, as you have

practis'd with the greateſt ſucceſs, ſo you might teach them others with the niceſt exactneſs.

CHAP. II.

Whether Sublime *may be learn'd; and a ſhort Scheme of thoſe faults which interfere with it.*

'TIS our buſineſs in the entrance of this Diſcourſe, to enquire whether there is any ſuch Art as that of *Sublime*, or *high Flights*. For there are Perſons fancy, that it is ridiculous to make it an Art, or to gather it into Rules. *Sublime*, ſay they, *is Born with us, and not Taught us*. And the only Art to compaſs it, is to be born with a lofty and elevated Soul. The works of Nature, as they pretend, are debas'd by Art; and their noble and genuine Vigour diſpirited into lean and dry Affectations. But I maintain, that I can make the contrary very clear, if men will paſs a right judgment on things. And to ſpeak the truth, tho' Nature never diſcovers her ſelf with a more generous ſally, than in the compoſure of lofty and paſſionate productions; yet neither is ſhe in them a ſworn enemy to Art and Garniture. In all our Diſcourſes, I own, ſhe is to be look'd upon as the baſis, ſource and foundation: but be-

beſides her ſuccours, our Invention ſtands in need of a method to ſay only what it ought, and where, and to guide a Diſcourſe to its true end; and this will be highly ſerviceable in forming our Soul to a true *Sublime*. For as Veſſels of Burden are in great danger of being caſt away, if they are left to their own natural poiſe, when the Maſter cannot tell how to fraight them, either with their due lading, or ballaſt: So is it with *Sublime*, when we conſign it over to the guidance and hurry of blind and raſh Nature, which oftentimes ſtands in as much need of a curb to reſtrain it, as a ſpur to incenſe it. For as *Demoſthenes* ſomewhere obſerves, *That the greateſt Good which can chance to us in this life, is Happineſs*; ſo there is another which is not much leſs, and without which the former would be in vain grop'd for in the dark: and that is the Art to conduct us to this Happineſs, by the rules of prudence and diſcretion. So that we may ſay, in Diſcourſe Nature forms the firſt ſallies towards *Sublime*, but if Art was not ready to lead and direct her, blind Nature would never ſtumble into any thing of Excellence.

Now the firſt fault which carries a contrariety to *Sublime*, is Elevate, or * Bumbaſt; of which ſee ſome Inſtances. *Rolling* C. III

* *There are other Pieces of* Bumbaſt, *but ſo imperfect that I have not touch'd them.*

Curls of streaming Fire. † *To blot out every Star from its Orb. To make the North-wind his Musician.* And several other fine things, with which a nameless Author abounds: which are Notes above *Ela*, and strain'd a-above the Stops of the most fustian Tragedy. To make the expression strong, he makes it * hard or grating: and the Images, instead of striking, stun. But pull off the frightful vizard, by setting them in a true light, and these Bugbears, instead of appearing terrible, will look ridiculous, even below Burlesque. If to be always upon the highest Note, is inexcusable in Tragedy, which is naturally rais'd and full of Pageantry; it must be nauseous, and intolerable in ordinary Discourse. Hence *Gorgias* of *Leontium* is laugh'd at, for calling *Xerxes*, *The* Jove *of Persia*; and Vultures, *Breathing Graves.* Nor are we better-natur'd to *Callisthenes*, who in several pieces of his Writings, does not so truly rise, as fly out of sight, above all human comprehension. But above all Masters of Bumbast, commend me to little *Clitarchus*: That Man is nothing but Air and Cork, and in the language of *Sophocles*, *He blows with all his Might on Flageolet.* The same Remark may be made upon *Amphicrates*, *Hegesias*, and *Matris*. These sometimes are fully perswaded, that it is the

† τὸ πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἐξεμεῖν. * τετύλωται, *not* τεθόλωται *dawbs it thick.*

Spirit

Spirit, and a Prophetick Rage which inſpires them, while the only God which moves them, is their own childiſh fancy, and vain humour. And certainly in concerns of Rhetorick, nothing is harder to be avoided than Bumbaſt. As we are by Nature in every buſineſs hurry'd on to the courtſhip of Grandeur, ſo we mightily fear, to be tax'd for dryneſs, or want of fancy. So it happens, that we all, I know not how, fall into this vice, pleaſing our ſelves with that muſty Proverb: *He who Dares bravely, gains a glorious Fall.* Tho' in truth, Bumbaſt is as odious in Diſcourſe, as Tumours hurtful in the Body. 'Tis nothing but a * falſe outſide, and a ſuperficial Pageantry: but within 'tis hollow and empty, and has nothing of true Grandeur; and like one in a Dropſy, looks big without, and has nothing but a puff of Wind, or Water within. In the upſhot, the fault of Bumbaſt is, that it deſigns to ſoar above Grandeur.

A Boyiſh, or Pedantick Style is contrary to it. For there is nothing ſo low as this latter, ſo mean, ſo much oppos'd to true gallantry of Diſcourſe. What is Pedantry then? 'Tis nothing elſe but the thought of a great Scholar, which is made cold, and non-ſence, by endeavouring to be too refin'd and affected. And this is a fault into which thoſe fall, who aim at ſaying ſome-

* *Some read* ἀναλθῆς, *as Mr.* le Févre.

thing uncommon, and ſurprizing; who endeavour to make a Thought extreamly taking and charming: for they, by dreſſing their language in too many Figures, fall into a ridiculous Affectation.

There is a third miſtake, contrary to *Sublime*, which is a falſe moving the Paſſions. *Theodorus* calls it *an ill-timed Fury:* When we are in a high Paſſion, when the thing in hand demands no Paſſion at all, or at moſt a very calm one. For ſome ranting Orators, as if they were ſtill in drink, deliver nothing with its true Grace. They are carry'd headlong by their own ſallies, and are perpetually falling into the tranſports of a Pedant, and a Declaimer. So that none minding what they ſay, they become unſufferable; which is the fate of thoſe who talk in a Paſſion, to Hearers who are calm and ſerene. But I ſhall diſcourſe in another Treatiſe about the management of the Paſſions.

CHAP. III.

Of the Pedantick Style.

THe cold, or Pedantick Style, of which I talk'd in the laſt Chapter, runs through all the Writings of *Timæus*. The Man, on other accounts, is not an Author of the laſt rate; he has oftentimes high ſtrokes of true

true Grandeur; he underſtands things well, and does not expreſs them ill; had he not a natural bent to find thoſe faults in others, which he has not judgment to mend in himſelf; and were he not over fond in venting his new and uncouth Thoughts, which commonly makes him fall into the flatteſt Pedantry. I will give you a ſcantling of them in two or three expreſſions only, ſince *Cecilius* has been before-hand with me. In drawing the Character of *Alexander* the Great, *He conquer'd* Aſia, ſays he, *in leſs time than* Iſocrates *took to write his Panegyrick.* Wonderful Compariſon! of *Alexander* the Great with a School-Maſter! And at this rate of comparing, good *Timæus*, the *Spartans* would be but pityful fellows in reſpect of *Iſocrates* the Orator; for they were * Twenty long years in taking *Meſſene*, and he only ten in compoſing his *Panegyrick.* But what a Remark has he upon the *Athenians*, who were made Priſoners of War in *Sicily? It was a Judgment of God upon 'em*, ſays he, *for having ſacrilegiouſly affronted, and cut down the Statues of the God* Mercury, *or* Hermes; *ſince the enemy's General took his name from* Hermes, *or* Mercury; *for ſeveral deſcents being call'd* Hermocrates, *and was the Son of* Hermon. I believe, my Deareſt *Terentianus*, that if this *Virtuoſo* was to write

* *Some Copies ſay* 30, *but falſly.* Tanag. Fevre *from* Tyrtæus.

the

the Hiſtory of *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, he would ſay, *That it was a juſt judgment of God upon him, to be driven out of his Kingdom by* Dion *and* Heraclides, *for his Irreverence to* Jupiter [in the Genitive Caſe in Greek *Dios*] and *Hercules* [in Greek *Heracles.*] But why ſhould I make ſuch a ſtir about poor *Timæus,* when thoſe Hero's of Antiquity, *Xenophon* and *Plato,* brought up under the Diſcipline of *Socrates,* may be ſometimes taken napping, and let things flat and toyiſh go out of their hands. For inſtance, the former in that Book which he has written of the *Spartan* Commonwealth: *You ſhould no more hear 'em ſpeak,* ſays he, talking of the *Spartan* Youth, *than if they were Statues of Marble, nor ſee 'em move their Eyes, than if they were of Braſs.* Laſtly, *They were as Modeſt, as Maiden-like, as thoſe parts of the Eye, which we call* [in Greek] *Maids.* 'Tis a Clinch for *Amphicrates*, not *Xenophon*, to call the ſight of the Eye a *modeſt Virgin.* Good God! what a Thought? Becauſe *Corè* ſignifies [in Greek] the ſight of the *Eye,* as well as a *Virgin;* therefore the ſight of the Eye, I warrant you, muſt be a Virgin full of Modeſty; tho' in truth there is no place where Impudence more diſplays it ſelf, than in the Eyes; therefore *Homer* to expreſs an impudent Fellow, *Sot,* ſays he, *with thy Dog's Eyes.* But honeſt *Timæus* looks upon this as an interloping upon his own Monopoly

poly of Clinch; and makes bold to fetch the conceit home again by way of Repriſal. Mind what uſe he makes of it in the life of *Agathocles: Would any one have raviſh'd his Couſin German*, ſays he, *who was marry'd to another, on the very day of her Marriage, unleſs he had Whores in his eyes, inſtead of Virgins?* But what ſhall we ſay to the divine *Plato*, who ſpeaking of the Cypreſs Tables, where the publick Acts were recorded, has this thought, *After they had done writing, they laid up in the Temples thoſe their Cypreſs Chronicles?* And in another place, ſpeaking of the Walls, *I am*, ſays he, *of the Spartan opinion, that our Walls ſhould lie and ſleep, and not be rouz'd or moleſted.* It looks ſomething wild in *Herodotus*, when he calls handſom Women the *Racks of the Eyes:* but he is ſomewhat to be excus'd, on account of the place, where he introduces Salvages ſpeaking, and Men in drink. But as it had been no blemiſh to his Hiſtory, if theſe Salvages had not been introduc'd, ſo it does not do well to put a foul word in their mouths, which may chance to diſgrace his compoſition to all eternity.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Cauſes which make a Style Frigid, or Pedantick.

ALL theſe deformities, which are ſo flat and boyiſh, only ariſe from the deſire of ſaying ſomething new, after which our Modern Writers run ſtaring mad. Good and Ill are commonly deriv'd from the ſame Cauſe. That which makes up the beauty, majeſty, and charms of a Diſcourſe, if it is ill manag'd, performs the quite contrary; as we may obſerve in the ill uſe of *Hyperbole's*, and thoſe Figures which we call *Plurals*. In the train of this Diſcourſe I will ſhew the risk we run in uſing them. Let us try at preſent how to cull out the beauties of *Sublime*, and ſtill avoid thoſe foils
6 which are mix'd along with them. And this we may do, my deareſt Friend, by firſt forming a clean and true Idea of *Sublime*, which is indeed difficult; becauſe to judge of the fineneſs, or courſeneſs of Styles, muſt be the final reſult of long Experience. But by way of advance, let us take a view of the method, which is likely to make us Maſters of this faculty.

CHAP.

CHAP. V. 7.

Of the Marks of Sublime.

YOU muſt know, my deareſt Friend, that in the common affairs of life, one cannot ſtyle any thing Great, when the contempt of it is only that which is truly great. Thus riches, honours, titles, crowns, and thoſe goods which only carry a Pageantry and Show without, will never be accounted ſolidly Good by the eſtimate of a wiſe Man; ſince the contempt of them is only that which is ſubſtantially excellent. And thoſe are leſs to be reverenc'd, who are Maſters of them, than thoſe who might be ſo, yet deſpiſe them by a Soul, which is far above them. The ſame reflection ought we to paſs on the compoſitions of Poets and Orators. We muſt be careful, leſt we miſtake for the true *Sublime*, a certain Phantom of Grandeur, made up of ſwelling words, jumbl'd together by chance, and which in a ſtrict judgment, are only an empty Bumbaſt, deſerving our ſcorn, rather than our applauſe. For that which is truly *Sublime*, has this Quality, That it raiſes up the Soul to an exalted pitch, when it hears it; and makes it to conceive an higher Idea of it ſelf, filling it with Joy, and I know not what, a kind of Ambition, when it only hears it, as if

it

it had created it. When therefore a Man of quick parts hears a Piece read over and over, and does not find that his Soul is rais'd upon the Wing, and that it leaves in his Heart an Impreſſion, which can only be felt, and not expreſt: but on the other ſide, if he reflects on it with application, it ſeems to flag, and not maintain its port, then is it not *Sublime*: 'tis only a jarr of words, which purely ſtrikes the Ear, and leaves nothing on the Soul. The true Note of *Sublime* is, when we feel that a Diſcourſe has left us fill'd with Thoughts, when it leaves ſuch an Impreſſion on us, as 'tis impoſſible to reſiſt, and difficult to deface. To conclude, Look on that as truly *Sublime*, which pleaſes every one, and is alſo taking in every part. For when a conſiderable Set of Men, of different ages and employments, who neither conſpire in humours, inclinations, or language, are all equally mov'd with ſome ſparkling Piece in a Diſcourſe, this combination of Fancies otherwiſe jarring, is an unqueſtionable ſign, that 'tis ſurpriſingly *Sublime*.

CHAP. V.

Of the Five Cauſes of Sublime.

THere are five fruitful Springs, if I may ſo ſpeak, of *Sublime*, which are yet all ſupply'd out of that rich fund, *The Art*

of

of Speaking well ; without which they too are vain and uſeleſs.

The *Firſt*, and the moſt noble, is a largeneſs and height of Spirit, and Thought, which helps us to conceive things happily, as I hinted in my reflections on *Xenophon.*

The *Second* is a raiſing the Paſſions, and making them as brisk and active, as if they were hurry'd along by a Divine Inſpiration.

☞ *Note*, That theſe two ſources are the products of Nature, the three following of Art.

The *Third* is nothing elſe, but a quaint contrivance and turning of the Figures; which are either ſuch as affect the Language only, or ſuch as colour the Thoughts.

The *Fourth* is a nobleneſs of Expreſſion, riſing from the choice of words, and the elegance of the language.

The *Fifth*, which gives the finiſhing ſtroke, and locks within it all the reſt, is an ordering and filing of every lofty and ſhining Thought, ſo that they may add luſtre to the whole Diſcourſe, without obſcuring one another.

Let us next enquire into the nature of each one of theſe. But firſt let me acquaint you, that of theſe five ſources of *Sublime*, *Cecilius* has forgotten that which concerns raiſing the Paſſions. If he deſignedly left it out, becauſe he thought that *lofty* and *paſſionate* were the ſame, he is miſtaken: For there are *Paſſions* which have nothing of

lofty,

lofty, nay which are really low and groveling; as Pity, Sorrow, Fear. And on the contrary, there are ſeveral *lofty* Thoughts, which are not *paſſionate*, as that bold deſcription of, as daring an attempt of the Giants againſt Heaven:

To ſcale the Heavens, Hills they pil'd on Hills.

And that which follows, which puſhes it higher,

And Heaven had been ſcal'd, &c.

And amongſt the Orators, Panegyricks and Speeches only made for Pageantry and Show, have a vein of Great and Sublime, which runs through them: but have uſually nothing of Paſſion. Hence it is, that thoſe Orators who can move the Paſſions beſt, praiſe worſt; and thoſe who praiſe beſt, move worſt. But if *Cecilius* fancy'd, that moving the Paſſions does not help to aggrandize a Diſcourſe, and ſo not worthy to be taken notice of, he runs upon a worſe miſtake. For I dare boldly avouch, that nothing raiſes a Diſcourſe like a noble Paſſion fitly plac'd. 'Tis like a Fit of divine fury, and holy madneſs, which tranſports the ſpeech above its ordinary pitch.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Of that Height of Spirit, which helps us to conceive things happily; and particularly of Grandeur of Soul, the firſt thing neceſſary to it.

THo' height of Spirit, the firſt and nobleſt of the Five, is rather a gift of Nature, than an acquiſition of Art; yet we muſt, as much as we can, train up our Spirit to its native height, and keep it always big and teeming, if I may ſo ſpeak, with a gallant and noble Pride. *But how muſt this be brought about*, ſays ſome one? I have elſewhere told you, that height of Wit and Thought, was a true image reflected from the natural Grandeur of the Soul; and for this reaſon, we often admire the naked Thought of ſome perſons, tho' they never ſpeak word, becauſe of the greatneſs we conceive in their Soul: As for example, the ſilence of *Ajax* in Hell, in the Eleventh *Odyſſea*. 'Tis a ſullen, ſcornful ſilence, expreſſing his diſdain of the ſubmiſſions of *Ulyſſes*, and has ſomething in it greater than whatſoever he could have ſaid.

The firſt accomplishment then of a true Orator is, that his Soul ought not to be low and groveling. For it cannot be, that thoſe

who have had their conceits ſervile, and their inclinations ſordid all their life, ſhould compoſe any thing Great, and worthy Eternity. Their Diſcourſes only can be lively and rais'd, whoſe Thoughts are high and vigorous: As that reply of *Alexander*, when he had refus'd the offer *Darius* made him of half his Kingdom in Dowry with his Daughter. *I would have accepted the Propoſal,* ſays *Parmenio* to him, *if I had been* Alexander; *And ſo would I,* replies he, *if I had been* Parmenio. None but an *Alexander* cou'd talk at this elevated rate. This Sublimity and height of Thought is that which makes the principal beauty of *Homer*. Thus in the Character of the Goddeſs of Diſcord, he deſcribes her with her Head in the heavens, and yet marching on the ground. And one may ſafely ſay, that thoſe are not ſo much the dimenſions of Diſcord, as of the fancy of *Homer*, which is unconfin'd and boundleſs. How far different is that image of *Heſiod*'s in his *Shield,* if that Piece is his, who ſpeaking of the Goddeſs of * Deſpair, ſays, that

Snivel from her Noſtrils flow'd.

This Idea is fitter to turn our ſtomach, than to raiſe an awful, reverential dread. But what a ſacred Grandeur does the other

* Tan. Faber.

Man

Man preſent the Gods in, deſcribing *Juno* and *Pallas* riding down the plains of heaven to the ſiege of *Troy*? He tells us, that

As far as he, who plac'd upon the Shore,
Can ſee all round him from ſome airy Tow'r,
So far th' Ætherial Steeds ſtretch at one bound.

He makes their leap as large as the World, and are not we ready to cry out, that if they were to make a ſecond, (ſo ſtately is his Hyperbole!) there would not be room enough for them in the Univerſe? And how majeſtically does he draw the Gods a fighting?

The Heav'ns rattl'd, and the Skies did tremble.

And in another place, where he draws *Neptune* in a Rage, ſhaking the ſeas and earth before his engagement:

The King of Shades in his dark Realm below,
Leapt from his Throne, affrighted at the blow.
He trembl'd, leſt the God ſhou'd let in Day,
And thro' the Center his black Court diſplay
To humane ſight, and to th' immortal Powers,
Diſmal and wild, which ev'ry God abhors.

You ſee, my deareſt Friend, the grandeur of his Thoughts: the Earth open to its Center, Hell diſplay'd, and the whole frame of the World ready to be diſ-jointed and over-turn'd. Heaven, Hell, all things mortal and immortal ſeem to ſhare in the battle, and in the danger. But theſe images, tho' full of terror, are to be look'd on as Alle-

gories, and Reſemblances only; otherwiſe they are prophane, and do not raiſe the Character of the Gods high enough. And for my part, if I may ſpeak what I think, when I ſee in *Homer*, the wounds, the factions, the puniſhments, the fetters, and the various calamities of the Gods, I look upon him, as if he ſtretch'd his Wit, to raiſe his *Grecian* Hero's up to the ſtate of the Gods, and to debaſe the Gods into the dwarfiſh ſize of Men. Nay, he makes them even more wretched than Men; for death is the haven where all humane woes find a ſhelter. But as he has repreſented the Gods, he deſcribes them immortal indeed, but 'tis rather in their miſeries, than in their natures. He muſt then be thought much more ſucceſsful in his performance, when he paints the Gods in their true Pomp and Gallantry; free from all mortal imperfections, refin'd from their paſſions. Thus in the deſcription of *Neptune*, taken notice of by many before me:

At ev'ry ſtep th' immortal Neptune *took,*
The Mountains trembl'd, and the Forreſts ſhook.

And a little after,

O're Waves he drove, while from deep watry Cells
Vaſt Whales ſpring up, and wanton round his wheels.
Proud looks the Sea beneath her ſovereign God;
She homage pays, and huſhes calm his Road.

Nor

Nor was the Law-giver of the *Jews* an ordinary Man, becauſe he ſets forth the divine Power ſuitably to its majeſty and greatneſs. For he hints in the very entrance of his Laws, as if every thing ſtarted into Being at the meer word of God. *God ſaid, Let there be Light, and there was Light. Let there be an Earth, and there was an Earth.* It would perhaps be tedious to you, my deareſt *Terentianus*, after theſe deſcriptions of the Grandeur of the Gods, if I ſhould ſhew in what gallantry our great Poet deſcribes his Hero's. A thick miſt had ſpread over the *Grecian* Army, and hinder'd it from engaging. Here *Ajax* not knowing what to reſolve on, cries out,

Diſperſe, ye Gods, this gloom of horrid Night,
And let our Eyes behold the joyful Light:
Chear our benighted Troops with one bright Ray,
And in pure Air your Heav'nly Rage diſplay.

This, if you conſider it, was a demand worthy *Ajax*. He does not pray for Life; this would have been a petition beneath an Hero: But that alone which troubles him is, that he can find no opportunity in the Dark of ſignalizing his courage. He requeſts then in a Paſſion, that the Light may appear, that he may at leaſt find a noble Grave, tho' he ſhould chance to be engag'd even againſt *Jupiter* himſelf. And in his *Iliads*, *Homer* is like a propitious Gale,

which waſts on his Hero's with full Sails. He ſeems not ſo much to labour under a Paſſion, as an Inſpiration :

As Mars *in Fury thro' a Battle roves,*
As ſudden Flames rage o're the yielding Groves,
Thus gay, thus great the God-like Hero moves.

But I pray you mind, for ſeveral reaſons, how he flags in his *Odyſſea ;* where we may ſee how proper it is for great Wits, when they grow old and decay, to pleaſe themſelves with Tales, and old Stories. For I could give you many reaſons to convince you, that he wrote his *Odyſſea* after his *Iliads.* And firſt, 'tis a certain truth, that a great many things in his *Odyſſea,* are only ſequels of the misfortunes which we meet with in the *Iliads,* and which he has remov'd over into this laſt work, as reſulting from the Wars of *Troy.* The calamities of the *Iliads* are often lamented by the Hero's of the *Odyſſea,* as ſuch as were commonly known, and had happen'd a good while ago. So that the *Odyſſea* ſeems only an Epilogue to the *Iliads.* Thus *Neſtor,*

There war-like Ajax, *there* Achilles *lies,*
There lies Patroclus *prudent as a God,*
There my lov'd Son too, makes his laſt abode.

And the reaſon of this difference ſeems to be, becauſe *Homer* wrote his *Iliads* in the vigour of his Wit, and therefore the whole body of it is full of Buſineſs and Action,

Action, and all over Dramatick: But the *Odyſſea*, which is the humour of old age, is full of Tales and Fables; ſo that *Homer* in the latter, is like the Sun, when it is juſt ſetting, which keeps the ſame largeneſs, but not the ſame heat and ſtrength. He ſtrikes no longer on the ſame Key: there is nothing of that *Sublime* which runs through the *Iliads* with an even pace, without either rub or ſtop. There is no train of Paſſions rang'd cloſe to one another. He has no more the ſame ſtrength, the ſame fluency of reaſoning, ſo neceſſary for an Orator, and mix'd with ſo many natural colours of things. We may call it the ebbing of his Wit, which like ſome great Sea, contracts it ſelf, and forſakes its ancient ſhores, yet is great within its narroweſt boundaries. He is ſtill ſtrag'ling into his wild Fancies, and Tales of *Knight-Errantry*. When I talk thus, I have not forgotten the pictures he has made of Tempeſts, and of the adventures of the *Cyclops*, and ſome other matchleſs paſſages. For tho' the coldneſs of old age reigns through the generality of his Piece, yet 'tis the old age of *Homer* which ſometimes recruits with a generous ſally. But even in his ſhining Parts, he interweaves Fable too much with Action. I have been ſomething large on this Head, that I might make it plain, that the moſt rais'd Wits flag into meer Chat, when the nerves of their Spirit begin to ſlacken.

Of this rank is *Homer*'s great Bottle, where *Æolus* Tuns up the Winds, and the friends of *Ulyſſes* transform'd by *Circe* into Swine, whom *Zoilus* drollingly calls, *Little whining ſucking-Pigs*: *Jupiter* nurs'd by *Doves*; the young Godling brought up like a young *Pigeon*, I aſſure you: *Ulyſſes's* long Faſt for ten days together after his Ship-wrack; and all the Legend of murdering *Penelope's* Suitors. All that can be ſaid to excuſe them, is, that they are ingenious Dreams; the Dreams of a God. And all the remark which can be made on the *Odyſſea*, is, that great Poets, and famous Writers, when their Soul has not heat enough to deſcribe a Paſſion, they betake themſelves to draw the humours and manners of Men. Of this kind is all that long Diſcourſe of *Ulyſſes* with his ſervant *Eumæus*, when in diſguiſe he dives into his inclination, and into the characters of the Suitors; which is a kind of diverting Comedy, where the different humours of Mankind are deſcrib'd.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the improving of this kind of Sublime *by Circumſtances, and Incidents.*

LET us enquire next, whether there is any other method to make the Thoughts in a Diſcourſe *ſublime*. As there is nothing in

in the World, which is not attended by a train of circumſtances, it wou'd be an infallible ſecret to improve the grandeur of a Diſcourſe, if we knew how to make a ſuitable choice of the moſt Illuſtrious, and by binding them ingeniouſly together, to unite them into one Body. For as the choice of the Circumſtances on one hand, ſo wou'd the variety on the other, make a very agreeable proſpect to entertain the Hearer's fancy. Thus *Sappho* deſigning to paint the rage of Love, ſhe muſters from every part Incidents, which follow and attend this Paſſion. But her Wit appears with the greateſt luſtre, in making choice of thoſe Incidents, which beſt expreſs the fury of Love, and in binding them together with the fineſt addreſs.

I.

Happy who near you ſigh, for you alone,
Who hear you ſpeak, or whom you ſmile upon:
They well for this might ſcorn a Starry Throne.

II.

To this compar'd the Bliß which Gods do prove,
No Envy raiſes; for the Bleſt above
Ne're taſted Joys compar'd to thoſe of Love.

III.

When e're I look on you, thro' ev'ry Vein,
Subtil as Lightning flies the nimble Flame,
I'm all o're Rapture, while all over Pain.

And

IV.

And while my Soul does in theſe Tranſports ſtray,
My Voice diſdains to teach my Tongue its way;
Each Faculty does now its truſt betray.

V.

A Cloud of wild Confuſion veils my ſight,
Sounds vainly ſtrike my Ears, my Eyes the Light,
Soft Languiſhments my Senſes diſunite.

VI.

Swift tremblings ſtreight o're all my Body fly,
Life frighten'd thence, Love does her place ſupply,
Diſorder'd, breathleſs, pale, and cold, I dye.

Paraphras'd by a Lady of Quality.

Are not you raptur'd to ſee how ſhe humours all things? Her Soul, her Body, her Tongue, her Eyes, her Ears, her Beauty, are drawn as ſo many different Perſons, juſt at the point of expiring. And with what contrary Paſſions is ſhe mov'd? She freezes, ſhe burns; ſhe is mad, ſhe is very wiſe; ſhe is afraid her Heart is juſt burſting; that one would think, that ſhe was not poſſeſt by only one Paſſion, but that the whole circle of them made a general, jarring Rendez-vous in her Breaſt. All true Symptoms of thoſe who are far gone in Love. And the fineneſs of her Diſcourſe ſeems to reſult from the grand Circumſtances, ingeniouſly invented, and ſuitably combin'd. Thus when

when *Homer* draws a Tempeſt, he deſcribes all that may poſſibly happen dreadful in it. But the Author of the *Arimaſpians* thinks that he has made a very aſtoniſhing Deſcription, when he cries out,

What Frenzy i'th' unhappy Sailor reigns?
Who far from Land lives on the watry Plains;
Slav'ry and Woe on his rough Voyage wait,
And while his Soul ſhakes at approaching Fate,
His Eyes and Hands he lifts up tow'rds the Sky
In vain: His Pray'rs are ſcatter'd as they fly.

But we may eaſily ſee, that this place is rather florid and affected, than pleaſant and agreeable. But let us obſerve how *Homer* deſcribes a Ship-wrack in this following place amongſt many others:

As when the ſwelling Waves rais'd by a Storm,
Againſt ſome well-rigg'd Hulk their fury arm,
She's daſh'd all o're with foam, the Wind prevails,
And in rough Murmurs hurries through her Sails:
Death ſeems to threaten in each riſing Wave,
The fearful Tars in vain their Topſails reef.

Aratus would gladly refine upon this hint, by adding,

A ſlender Plank guards them from preſent Fate.

But by making the Thought too fine, he has leſſen'd it, and diveſted it of its natural Terror. For by ſhewing what the Danger is,

is, he makes it appear ſmaller. *A ſlender Plank guards them from Fate.* Well: while it does ſo, they are ſafe enough, and do not need to fear a waſhing. But *Homer* does not define what the Danger is; only he paints, as in a Table, his Mariners ready to be drown'd at every Wave which hoams in; and his very words [in the Original] carry the picture of Danger ſtampt on them. The ſame artifice has *Archilochus* follow'd in the deſcription of his Tempeſt; and *Demoſthenes* in that Speech, where he ſhews what Conſternation reign'd in *Athens*, at the News of the taking of *Elatea*. *It was grown very late*, ſays he, *when the News arrived*, &c. They both gargle, and neatly combine the grand Circumſtances of their Subjects, placing in them nothing that is light, indecent, or Pedantick. For little, mean Circumſtances, like rubbiſh, or rough Stone in Architecture, deface the Symmetry, more than they aggrandize the Bulk.

CHAP. IX. *II.*

Of Amplification, or Enlargement.

PArallel to the former helps to Sublimity in Thoughts, is Amplification or Enlargement: For when the Subjects which we manage, or the Controverſies which we plead, require larger periods, and form'd of

of more parts, we may raiſe our ſelves, as it were, by ſteps, and each latter Sentence ſhall be an advance in the Roundlet (if I may ſo call it) above the former. And this Art may be of great ſervice to rank a Diſcourſe into its Topicks, or to aggravate, or to confirm, or to ſet a matter of Fact (for there are thouſand uſes of it) in its true light; or laſtly, to manage a Paſſion. But an Orator muſt know, that no Amplification can be genuine, if it is not accompany'd with Grandeur and Sublimity: unleſs Pity is to be mov'd, or ſomething to be debas'd and exploded. If any where elſe you part Grandeur from Amplification, you tear its Soul from its Body. For when 'tis depriv'd of ſuch a ſupport, it grows faint, it has no ſtrength, or proportion. But let us for greater clearneſs, open very conciſely, the diſtinction between Amplification, and that which we talk'd of in the laſt Chapter, which was nothing elſe but a combination of ſuitable Circumſtances; and let us farther enquire how Amplification in general is differenc'd from *Sublime*.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Where Amplification, or Rhetorical Enlargement is defin'd, and farther explain'd. 12.

I Am not, I muſt confeſs, pleas'd with that Character the common Rhetoricians give us of Amplification. *Amplification is*, ſay they, *a Quality of a Diſcourſe which enlarges the things contain'd in it, and raiſes it to its nobleſt height.* For this Character may be apply'd to *Sublime* in general; to that which moves the Paſſions, and to that which colours the Diſcourſe, for they all aggrandize. But the difference ſeems to ly in this, That Sublimity raiſes a Diſcourſe; but Amplification enlarges and widens it only. The former may ſometimes be included in one ſingle Thought; but the latter is always attended with number, and variety. So that Amplification, to give a general in-ſight into it, is nothing elſe but a muſtering together all thoſe hints, which may be drawn from all the particular Circumſtances of things, and all the Topicks into which a Speech is rang'd, which fills the Diſcourſe, and ſtrengthens it, enforcing what was ſaid in the entrance of a Diſcourſe in its full vigour, and ſtreſs. It is different from the Arguments and Proofs of a Diſcourſe; becauſe they prove that which is doubted of, but this aggravates and enlarges it to the greateſt extent.

An

* *An* Appendix *to the Tenth Chapter, containing Reflections by way of Compariſon between* Demoſthenes *and* Cicero, *in regard to Amplification.*

Cicero, by a rich vein of Eloquence, like a ſpacious Sea, ſpreads himſelf into a diffus'd Grandeur. His Paſſions are extreamly lively, full of Flame, and ſparkling Fury. *Demoſthenes* is more majeſtical and conciſe. He is far from being dry or cold, but neither is he ſo fluent as the Roman, nor can he mould his Soul to copy out, and humour ſuch a variety of Idea's. I only judge, my deareſt *Terentianus*, by that light which we Grecians can have of Roman compoſures; and by that light, tho' I judge them both grand Originals in their kinds, yet are their Beauties different. Our Countryman's Sublimity conſiſts in a ſhort, reſerv'd, and clencht Style; *Cicero's* in a luxuriant and diffus'd one. We may compare our own Orator, on the account of the violence, ſwiftneſs, ſtrength, and eagerneſs, by which he conſumes and carries all before him, if I may ſo ſpeak, to a Hurricane, or to Thunder. But *Cicero* is like a mighty Flame, which diſplays it ſelf, and riſes intothe Air with

* *There is a conſiderable Defect in this place in the Original.*

a Blaze, which ſtill rages, and cannot be quench'd, or ſtopt; which acts variouſly according to the difference of its Fuel, and feeds on whatſoever it meets. But you are a better Judge of this, than I am. In the upſhot, The Style of *Demoſthenes* ſeems to be better fitted for ſtrong Aggravations, and vehement Paſſions; where the Audience is to be ſtruck into a Conſternation. But the diffus'd Style is more happy; where the Audience is to be ſoften'd, or wheedl'd as it were, into any thing. And without diſpute, an open, diffus'd Style is fitter for Common-Places, for the cloſes of Speeches, Digreſſions, Narratives, Praiſe or Diſpraiſe, Hiſtories, Natural Philoſophy, and ſeveral other Uſes.

CHAP. XI.*13.*

Of Imitation, another way of improving that Sublime, *which conſiſts in Height of Thoughts; ſhewn from* Plato's *Writings.*

TO reſume our firſt deſign, tho' *Plato*'s Style is *Sublime*, yet it flows without any noiſe. As you may have diſcover'd, if you have read his Books of a Common-wealth. *Thoſe Wretches*, ſays he, *who neither have Wiſdom or Vertue, have ſtill their Inclinations bent downwards to the ground, and labour all their Life under a Capital Miſtake. They never*

never lift up their Eyes towards Truth, it has no Charms for 'em, for they have no reliſh of its refin'd and laſting Pleaſures; but bowing towards the Earth, like Brutes, they drown their Reaſon in feaſts, jollity and debauches. Their eager Deſire, and inſatiable Fury after theſe Delights, incite 'em to mangle and kill one another. And becauſe Nature has not arm'd 'em with Horns and Hoofs, like other Beaſts, to puſh or kick with, they contrive inſtruments of Iron and Steel, by which they execute their brutal deſigns. But this great Man, if we will mind him, has diſcover'd another way, which leads us ſucceſsfully to *Sublime*. What is this way then? 'Tis an Imitation, or Emulation of thoſe great Poets and Writers, who have liv'd before us. And this is the mark, my deareſt Friend, that we all ought to level at. And certainly we may often ſee Men, who are raptur'd and inſpir'd by another's Spirit, like the Prieſteſs of *Apollo*, raviſh'd with the God upon the ſacred *Tripod*. There is an hole open into the Ground, from whence iſſues out a breeze of Wind, a gale wholly Celeſtial, which makes her big immediately with the Divine Power, and forces her to ſpeak her Oracles. Thus the Majeſty of the Old Writers is breath'd from their works, like Celeſtial blaſts from ſo many *Tripods*, into the Souls of their Imitators. And the very dulleſt, and moſt unfit for Inſpiration, are tranſported by a Prophetick Spirit, which is none of their own.

This made *Herodotus* the moſt nice Imitator of *Homer;* and before him *Steſichorus* and *Archilochus*. But above all, *Plato* has been the moſt ſuperſtitious in his Imitation; out of *Homer*, as out of a ſpacious Fountain, he conveys through Pipes, if I may ſo ſpeak, a thouſand ſtreams into his own Compoſures. And this I could prove, but that it has been done already to my hands, by a famous Platoniſt, *Ammonius*. Neither ought this to be look'd on as ſtealth, no more than one's taking the Manners, the Pictures, or any other Pieces of work done by another, for our own Models to copy after. And in truth in my Opinion, *Plato* never performs ſo happily in his Treatiſes of Philoſophy, as when from colder Diſcourſes he inſenſibly falls into Poetical Thoughts and Flights, and like a freſh Champion, enters the Liſt to diſpute the Prize with *Homer*, who has been the wonder of all Ages. And tho' he does it perhaps with too much Fury, and in a braving Poſture, yet is this heat advantagious to him, to raiſe his Spirit, ſince *Heſiod* has told us, that *Jealouſy of Honour is the greateſt incentive to Courage*. And this Conteſt with our Anceſtors for Excellency, is the braveſt, the nobleſt; where Victory is attended with the moſt illuſtrious Crown, and the Foil with very little Shame and Diſhonour.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII. *14.*

Of Helps to true Imitation.

WHen we labour out ſome great Deſign, which deſires Height and Majeſty, it is convenient to figure in our Minds, how *Homer* wou'd have expreſt it, or what height *Plato*, or *Demoſthenes* would have given it; or if it is in Hiſtory, *Thucydides*. Theſe great Perſonages preſenting themſelves to our Fancies, and ſhining like ſo many Flambeaux before us, will raiſe our Souls ſo high, that they may reach the moſt lofty Images of things; eſpecially if we farther ſtamp on our Minds, What would *Homer*, or *Demoſthenes* think of this Expreſſion, if they heard it? How would they be pleas'd with it? It would aſſiſt us to arrive at Perfection, ſeriouſly to imagine that we were going to give an account of our Writings, before ſuch a ſtrict Court of Juſtice, where we ſhould have the greateſt Hero's of Antiquity both for our Judges, and Witneſſes. This would be a noble Spectacle. But a ſtronger Motive to raiſe our Souls, is to conſider what Judgment all Poſterity will make of us. For if a Man is afraid, or jealous that his Writings will live no longer than himſelf, of neceſſity his Productions will be blind and imperfect Cubs; he'll never give himſelf the trouble to finiſh them, nor can they ever flouriſh to Poſterity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Images, a Third Method of improving the Sublimity, or height of Thoughts, or Spirit.

THoſe Images, my deareſt Youth, which ſome call Pictures, or Fictions, are very uſeful to give Weight, Majeſty, and Strength to a Diſcourſe. Image in general is a Thought capable of being expreſt neatly, and which makes a Picture of a thing in the Spirit, of what kind ſoever. But in a ſtricter and cloſer Sence, it is when by a Rapture, and extraordinary Sally of the Soul, we fancy that we ſee the Things we ſpeak of, and repreſent them to the Hearers, ſo that they may ſee them too. Now the uſe of Images in Poetry and Rhetorick is different. Their deſign in Poetry is, to ſurprize; in Rhetorick, to clear: but in both, to move. Thus *Oreſtes* when he fancies that he ſees the Furies in *Euripides*.

O Mother ——
At length be mov'd when thy Oreſtes *prays,*
And to their native Deep the Furies chaſe.
Their Snakes infernal hiſs around my Ears, [*glares.*
Their bloody Eye-balls roul, their gaſtly Viſage

Again,

Alas they kill me, whither ſhall I flie?

The

The Poet here does not ſee the Furies, yet he draws ſuch a natural Image of them, that he almoſt makes his Audience ſee them. And certainly *Euripides* is extremely happy in expreſſing Love and Madneſs, and ſurpaſſes even himſelf in them. Tho' in ſeveral other places he is bold, and daring enough in his Expreſſions, his Genius is not naturally *Sublime*, yet does he ſtrain it up to the height of Tragedy, and as the Poet has it,

With his curl'd Tail his rugged Flanks he ſmites,
And by each ſtroke himſelf to War incites.

As we may obſerve in that place, where the Sun talks to *Phaeton*, when putting the reins of his Chariot in his hands, he ſays,

'O're milder Regions, and in calmer Air,
'Far from hot Libya's *Sky thy Motion ſteer:*
'For there my Chariot in its flaming Courſe,
'Ne're was refreſht by Dews, or cool'd by Show'rs.

And afterwards,

'The ſeven Stars are marks to guide thy way.—
Th' impatient Youth, who ill endur'd this ſtay,
Snatcht up the Reins, and from the ſteepeſt Sky,
Vext by his Whips, the winged Courſers fly;
O're vaſt extended Plains of Air they hie.
*In vain his Sire from his * own bleſt Abode*
By new Directions ſhews the Starry Road, &c.

* The Greek is, Mounted on a Star; but *Boileau* renders it, *Du plus h'aut des Cieux.*

Would not one fancy, that the Soul of the Poet was mounted on the Chariot, and ſhar'd the ſame dangers with *Phaeton*? That it made an equal Flight with the Celeſtial Horſes? For if he did not range along the Heavens, if he was not an aſſiſtant to them, cou'd he ever limn out the Expedition with that exactneſs? His Images are alſo as lively in that place of his *Caſſandra*.

But O ye Warlike Trojans, &c.

The Pictures of *Æſchylus* are ſometimes exceedingly Heroick and Great, as in his Tragedy of his Seven Hero's at the Siege of *Thebes*; where a meſſenger brings *Eteocles* the news of the Seven Generals, who had unmercifully ſworn in ſome ſence their own Deaths.

Seven Hero's, Chieftains all, and all renown'd
For blackeſt Deeds, a bleeding Bull ſurround.
Their Hands imbru'd in ſmoaking gore, they join,
And in a ſolemn, fatal Oath combine.
By the ſtern Deities of War, and Fear,
And on a ſable Buckler, fix'd, they ſwear, &c.

But this Poet often flags, by ſoaring too high, into haggard, rough and wild Idea's. And *Euripides*, by his eager Ambition of being lofty, often ſtumbles into the ſame danger. For inſtance, in *Æſchylus* the Palace of *Lycurgus*, falls into an horrible Fit of Divine Fury and Enthuſiaſm, after a ſtrange rate, at the appearance of *Bacchus*: *With*

With the mad Prieſts the gilded Roofs conſpire,
And the whole Palace joins the ranting Choir.

Euripides has made uſe of the very ſame Thought, but he has ſoften'd it by a peculiar kind of Turn:

While th'Ecchoing Mount does to their Notes reply,
The chearful Mount ſeems Partner in their Joy.

Sophocles is very curious in Imagery, particularly where he introduces *Oedipus* dying, and burying himſelf in the middle of a Tempeſt rais'd by a Miracle. And where the Ghoſt of *Achilles* appears in golden Armour upon his Tomb, when the Grecians were juſt unmooring for their Voyage. But I know not whether any Man has repreſented a more lively Image of this Apparition, than *Simonides*. But it would be too tedious, to hint at all the excellent Images, which might be diſcover'd amongſt the Poets. But to return: Images in Poetry are commonly ſtock'd with fabulous, vaſt and incredible Incidents; but in Rhetorick, the Beauty of an Image conſiſts in repreſenting a thing as it was acted, and according to the Life. For Poetical and Legendary Fictions in Oratory carry along with them courſe and ill-ſuited Digreſſions, and really fall into the utmoſt Extravagance. Yet our Modern Orators are hugely taken with them. Theſe fine Orators, as they wou'd be thought, ſee the Furies ſometimes, as well as the fine Poets. Nor do theſe conceited

Wits mind that poor *Orestes* is mad in *Euripides*, when he cries out,

Oh! loose, thou cruel Fiend, thy Paws which bind
My tortur'd Limbs, for endless Racks design'd.

What is the use then of Images in Oratory? 'Tis, besides other influences, to enliven and warm a Discourse. Insomuch that when they are artfully interwoven into the Proofs and Arguments, they do not only perswade, but subdue and as it were bring down the stomach of an Audience. *If a Man*, says an Orator, *heard a great noise before the Hall of Justice, and another at the same time comes and tells him, that the Prison is open, and that the Slaves are making their escape. There is no old Man so laden with Years, no young one so careless, but would run as fast as he could to help. But if in the hurry, any one should point out the Author of this Confusion; the Wretch were undone, he would not have leisure given him to speak for himself, but would be torn a pieces on the spot. Hyperides* uses this artifice in that Speech, where he gives an account of that Decree which past after the Rout at *Chæronea*, when the Slaves were set free. *It was not the eloquence of the Orators*, says he, *which* * *made this Law, but the Battle, the Defeat at* Chæronea, *&c.* At the same time that he delivers the thing, he makes an Image of it,

* ἔγραψεν.

and

and by this Art does ſomething more than prove and perſwade. For as we are always naturally touch'd with that which ſparkles and ſhines moſt; ſo the Soul of an Audience is eaſily ſtruck by that Image, which diſplays it ſelf in a croud of Reaſons, and which darting on the Fancy, hinders it from making a ſearch into the ſtrength of the Arguments, dazling it with that light, by which it encircles a Diſcourſe. Nor is it unaccountable, why this ſhould have ſuch an influence over us: for when two Bodies are join'd, that which has the greateſt force, attracts to it ſelf the power and efficacy of the other. But I have talk'd long enough of that *Sublime*, which ariſes from the height of Thoughts, and which proceeds, as I have ſhewn, either from greatneſs of Soul, or from Imitation, or from Images.

CHAP. XIV. *16.*

* *Of the Contrivance, and Artificial Turn of Figures, the third Cauſe of* Sublime, *and particularly of* Apoſtropha's.

ACcording to my former Method, we muſt next rank our Figures. For they, as I hinted before, are not the leaſt conducing to *Sublime*, if they are ſuitably contriv'd. To give a Platform of them all, if not an endleſs buſineſs, would at beſt be a tedious one.

* *The Second Source of* Sublime *[the Paſſions] is omitted, becauſe* Longinus *had made a diſtinct Treatiſe of them.*

So

So that I ſhall only touch upon a few, yet ſuch as moſt raiſe a Diſcourſe, to ſhew that I laid down nothing but Truth. *Demoſthenes* is deſirous to vindicate his own Counſels, tho' unſucceſsful, and ſhew that the *Athenians* had made no falſe ſtep in fighting with *Philip*, according to his meaſures. How muſt he do this then to the beſt advantage? *You have not done amiſs, you have made no falſe ſtep, my noble Countrymen*, ſays he, *in venturing your Lives for the ſafety and freedom of* Greece, *and you have Precedents which will infallibly bear ye out in this Action. For ſure thoſe Hero's are not to be blam'd, nor did they ill, who fought for the ſame Cauſe in the Plains of* Marathon, *in* Salamis, *and before* Platæa. When he had premis'd this, ſtreight on a ſudden, as if he was inſpir'd, and had got the Divine Fury within him, he cries out, ſwearing by thoſe illuſtrious Defenders of *Greece; No, Countrymen, you have not done ill, I ſwear by the Ghoſts of thoſe Patriots, who ventur'd their Lives for the ſame Cauſe in the Plains of* Marathon. By this form of Oath, which I call an *Apoſtropha*, he makes Gods of thoſe their Anceſtors, and hints as if all they who dy'd with the ſame Gallantry, ought in like manner to be ſolemnly ſworn by, as ſo many Deities. And by this artifice he infuſes into his Judges the courage, the ſpirit of theſe noble Dead; and by diverting his Proofs into this *ſublime*, and moving manner of affirm-

affirming by Oaths, ſo ſurprizing, ſo ſolemn, and ſo authentick, he inſpires into his Audience too a kind of Antidote and Preſervative againſt all Prejudices to the Cauſe. He raiſes their Valour by the Praiſes he gives them, and makes them to conceive as high an Idea of this Battle, which they loſt againſt *Philip*, as of the Victories they gain'd at *Marathon*, or *Salamis*: and by all theſe fetches, ſo neatly couch'd in one Figure, he ſecures both Judges and Audience to his own ſentiments. Some Criticks pretend that *Demoſthenes* took the rough draught of this Oath from *Eupolis*; where he brings in *Miltiades*, or ſome other great *Marathonian* Patriot, ſaying,

I ſwear by the grand Marathonian *Fight,*
Their Joys no longer ſhall my Grief excite.

But there is no great wit requir'd, meerly to ſwear. The time, the place, the occaſion give grace to the Oath. But here there is nothing but an Oath *en cuerpo*. For he harangues to the *Athenians* in proſperity, and who had no need of comfort. And moreover he does not treat thoſe great Men as Gods, like *Demoſthenes*. Nor does he trouble himſelf to plant in the Souls of the *Athenians* a bravery equal to their Anceſtors; and inſtead of ſwearing by thoſe who had fought for them, he ſwears by a thing without life, a Battle. But on the other hand,

in

in *Demoſthenes* the deſign of the Oath is, to egg on the *Athenians* after the misfortune at *Chæronea*. So that in the compaſs of a few words, he proves that they have not done ill, he gives them an example, he confirms it by an Oath, he makes a Panegyrick upon them, and encourages them in the War againſt *Philip*. But as it might be reply'd to our Orator, that the buſineſs in hand was the loſs of a battle, while he was at the helm of affairs, and that he ſwears by victories gain'd *time out of mind;* therefore to unhinge this objection, he moves forward with caution, he takes an exact meaſure of every word, and only uſes thoſe which may advantage his cauſe: giving us a precedent how to be prudent and reſerv'd in our greateſt tranſports. When he therefore gives an account how their Anceſtors fought by Land at *Marathon*, and by Sea at *Salamis*, and of the battles near *Artemiſium*, and *Platæa;* he ſays not a word of their being victorious: he takes heed to diſſemble and conceal the event, which was as happy in thoſe battles, as tragical in that of *Chæronea:* nay, he ſeems to anticipate the objection, by rejoyning, *All thoſe, O* Æſchines, *who loſt their lives in this expedition were buried at the charges of the Common-wealth, and not only thoſe were honour'd at this rate, whoſe valour was ſeconded by an equal fortune.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

That Figures loſe their beauty, if not interwoven into Sublime. *17.*

IT will not be ſuitable in this place to paſs over a reflection, which I made before, and will explain very conciſely here: and it is this; That as Figures naturally give ſtrength and ſupport to *Sublime*, ſo does *Sublime* on the other ſide derive a mighty force on Figures. But to inform you how it does ſo, and where, take the following account. We muſt note, that a Diſcourſe which is wholly made up of Figures, is ſuſpected, as if it deſign'd only to cokes, undermine, and deceive. Eſpecially when we talk before a Judge, who is a great Man, a Tyrant, a King, or a General of an Army; he ſtreight reſents it, that he ſhould be wheedl'd like a Child by the Quillets of a Rhetorician, who has a mind to ſhew his skill. Nay it is odds, but that taking theſe artifices as affronts, he flies out into the wildeſt paſſion: But if he chances to controul his anger, and lets himſelf be ſweeten'd by the charms of the harangue, yet ſtill he entertains a ſtrong averſion from believing what is ſaid. And for this reaſon, that is the beſt Figure, that is beſt diſſembled, and which is not known to be a Figure. Now there is no Help, or Art more admirable to keep a Figure from appear-

appearing, than *ſublime* and *pathetick*: for the † *Art of Wheedling* being ſurrounded with great and ſhining expreſſions, is conceal'd and darken'd by their luſtre, that it cannot at all be diſcover'd, or ſuſpected. Witneſs that paſſage of *Demoſthenes* I before toucht on, *I ſwear by the Ghoſts of thoſe Patriots, who ventur'd their lives*, &c. It may be enquired how the Orator in this place hides the Figure, which he employs? He darkens it by the ſplendor and brightneſs of the Thought. For as the leſſer lights vaniſh when the Sun appears in our Hemiſphere: ſo all the Fallacies of Rhetorick diſappear, and are obſcur'd by that grandeur, which encircles them on every ſide. Thus in Painting, when the Limner draws ſeveral Parallels on the ſame Plane, with their lights and ſhades; that which addreſſes it ſelf to the ſight, will be the lights, which will ſeem even to ſtretch themſelves out of the compaſs of the Table, and run as it were with a kind of eagerneſs to meet the eye. So *ſublime* and *pathetick* (becauſe they carry a ſecret ſympathy with the motions of our Souls, and by reaſon of their brightneſs, and luſtre,) are diſplay'd to the Mind with better advantage, than the Figures, whoſe Art they ſhade, and ſet as it were in the dark.

† τῆς πανουργίας τέχνη.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Interrogations. 18.

WHat remark muſt I make upon Queſtions, and Interrogations? For who can deny that theſe kind of Figures give a great deal of motion, action, and ſtrength to a Diſcourſe? *Will you never do any thing elſe,* ſays *Demoſthenes* to the *Athenians, than walking about, ask one another —— What is the news? And I pray, who can tell you greater news than that which you ſee? A man of* Macedonia *makes himſelf Lord of* Athens, *and gives Laws to all* Greece. *Is* Philip *dead?* ſays ſome one. *No* — replies another— *but he is very ſick. I pray, Gentlemen, what ſignifies it, whether he lives, or dies? Your own cowardize will raiſe you up another* Philip. And in another place, *Let us weigh Anchor for Macedonia,* ſays ſome one. —— *But where ſhall we land?* ſays a ſecond. —— *The war it ſelf, Gentlemen, will quickly diſcover to us* Philip's *weak ſide.* If he had deliver'd the thing without theſe demands, it would not have comported with the majeſty of the ſubject. But now, by his divine and fluent manner of propoſing Queſtions, and anſwering them himſelf, as if he were a third perſon, he does by this turn, not only make that which he ſays more grand and ſtrong, but alſo more plauſible. For the Paſſions

are

are never more vigorouſly ſtir'd, than when the Orator ſeems not to plod for that ſence which moves them; but when the very occaſion ſeems to produce it on a ſudden. Now nothing more nearly reſembles an extemporary Paſſion, than theſe kind of Queſtions and Anſwers. For thoſe who are ask'd about a thing, of which they know the whole truth, feel naturally in themſelves a kind of motion, which hurries them along to anſwer on the ſudden. *

CHAP. XVII.

Of the Combination of ſeveral Figures.

THere is nothing more effective to move the Paſſions, than two or three Figures combin'd together. For when they are thus join'd in Club, as it were, they derive to all that ſtrength, grace and beauty, which are in each apart. And this is viſible from a place of *Demoſthenes* againſt *Midias*, where all at one ſtroke, he caſhiers the Conjunctions, and interweaves both the Figures of Repetition, and Deſcription. *He that abuſes another*, ſays he, *does a great many things by*

* *The end of this Chapter is imperfect; and that little which is left, would rather embarraſs than inſtruct, ſo I have not turn'd it. It ſeems to have treated of the influence of Conjunctions, expreſt or remov'd. And he ſhews how that* Homer, *deſigning to deſcribe the horror of* Circe's *Cave, and that ſorrow which* Eurylochus *reſented upon the loſs of his Friends, [in the Tenth* Odyſſea, *] performs it by removing the Conjunctions; ſo that the Speech falls like ſo many ſighs, or groans.*

his

his geſtures, his eyes, his ſpeech, which the injur'd party cannot exactly deſcribe. And leſt the ſtrength of his Diſcourſe ſhould ſlacken, (knowing very well, that Order and Method are ſigns, that the Orator's ſpirit is calm and undiſturb'd, and that Diſorder is an argument, that it is ruffl'd and diſcompos'd,) he is forthwith hurry'd on with the ſame Figures. *One while,* proceeds he, *he inſults over him, another while he beats him like an enemy, ſometimes with his Fiſts, ſometimes on his Face.* By this aſſemblage of violent Figures, the Orator moves and works the Judges minds up to his own pitch, as happily, as if they had ſeen the affronted party beaten before them. Then, as ſudden as a Whirlwind, he returns to his charge. *Theſe Affronts,* Gentlemen, *ſtir up the Paſſion of a Man of Spirit; theſe are enough to make a Man out of his Wits, who is not us'd to take ſuch Abuſes. One cannot ſufficiently conceive the Horror of ſuch an Action.* He every where maintains the port of theſe paſſionate Figures by his continued changes: ſo that he keeps up a kind of agreeable confuſion in his very method, and in his very diſorder a quaint kind of order.

CHAP. XVIII.

Upon the ſame Subject.

WEll, but for experiment, let us put the Conjunctions to this paſſage of *Demoſthenes*, as the Imitators of *Iſocrates* would have done. And then it will run thus. *And in good truth, we muſt not forget, that he who abuſes another does a great many things;* firſt, *by his geſtures;* ſecondly, *by his eyes;* thirdly *and* laſtly, *by his voice it ſelf.* By evening and ſmoothing each turn by the addition of Conjunctions, you may preſently ſee, that the ſtrong and eager Pathetick dwindles into a low Pedantry, into a ſoftneſs which has no ſting, no point; and that all the heat of the Diſcourſe is immediately dead, and extinct of it ſelf. Juſt as if the limbs of a man could be fancy'd to be ty'd, when he was running, his career muſt be preſently ſtopt: ſo when an headlong, active Paſſion is embarraſt with Conjunctions, and other ſuperfluous weights, it bears them with much reluctancy, it loſes the liberty of its motion, and that violence, by which it was hurry'd, like a Granado thrown out of a Mortar.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Hyperbata.

UNder this Head fall the *Hyperbata*. Now an *Hyperbaton* is nothing elſe but a miſplacing of the thoughts, or words in the train of a Diſcourſe; and this figure carries the true ſtamp of an active, turbulent Paſſion. For thoſe who are mov'd in earneſt by Anger, Fear, Malice, Jealouſy, or by whatſoever other Paſſion, (for there are ſo many of them, one cannot count them all,) labour under a continu'd confuſion. Scarce have they form'd one reſolution, but they are preſently big with another; and in the middle of the ſecond, they are caſting about for a third, without any order or connexion, and commonly at laſt wheel round to their firſt deſign. Paſſion, like a Wind, which ſhifts through all the points of the compaſs, bandy's them each way, and makes them to change ſides each minute: ſo that every moment they alter their thoughts, their language, and maintain no order, no ſingle character in their Diſcourſe. Now the beſt writers make uſe of *Hyperbata's* to reſemble this motion of Nature: for in truth Art is never ſo perfect, as when it approaches ſo nigh to Nature, as to be miſtaken for it; and on the other hand,

Nature is never more fortunate, than when the Art, ſhe is dreſt in, is concealed and diſſembled. A proof of this we have in the Harangue made to the *Ionians* in *Herodotus*, by *Dionyſius* of *Phocea*. *In good faith, our affairs are reduced to the laſt point of extremity*, Gentlemen. *Our fate is now a ballancing, either to be Freemen, or Slaves, and thoſe of the worſt and baſeſt rank, Vagabonds. If you are deſirous then to eſcape the misfortunes which threaten you, you muſt, without any delay, ſet your ſelves to labour and induſtry; and purchaſe your liberty at the rate of defeating your enemies.* If he had proceeded in the natural order, he muſt have ſaid thus: Gentlemen, *It lies upon you to ſet your ſelves to labour and induſtry; for our affairs are reduced to the laſt point of extremity*, &c. So that firſt he miſplaces that word, *Gentlemen;* and does not uſe it, till he has fill'd their ſouls with fear; as if the greatneſs of their danger, had made him to forget the reſpect he ow'd his hearers, in the beginning of his Harangue. In the next place, he perverts the order of the thoughts; for before he encourages them to Induſtry, which is notwithſtanding his end, he gives them the reaſon for it. *In good faith, our affairs are reduced to the laſt point of extremity.* Inſomuch, that the whole Speech ſeems not to be ſtudied and elaborate; but to be the product of paſſion, and extemporary effuſion. *Thucydides* alſo is moſt acute in his *Hyperbata's*, and in his tranſplacing things, which

which ſeem the moſt united by Nature, and which, one would think, could not poſſibly be parted. As for *Demoſthenes*, tho' he is commonly more reſerv'd than *Thucydides*, yet he is not ſo on this ſcore; for never did any one gratify his humour with them more than he. For in that inclination which he has to make all things look as if they were extemporary, he conducts his hearers forward by the intricate mazes of his tranſpoſitions. Oftentimes he keeps back the firſt thought, as if he had a deſign to appear confus'd; and mixing into his diſcourſe ſeveral different things, which he winds about to ſearch after, often out of his ſubject; he raiſes a concern in his Audience, who believe the ſpeech is juſt a ſinking, and againſt their wills, intereſts them in the danger, they think the Orator is in. But at laſt, on a ſudden, when none looks for it, he clenches it all to that purpoſe, which the people were ſo long expecting; and by this tranſpoſition, which is as ingenious, as it is bold and difficult; he moves more nicely, than if he had kept a method in his words. The variety of inſtances of this, may excuſe me from producing any ſingle one.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of the change of Numbers: And firſt, of Singulars *chang'd into* Plurals.

ALL changes of *Caſes*, *Collections*, *Antitheſes*, *Gradations*, are ſtrong and vehement, and contribute much, as you know, to the embelliſhment and heightening of a diſcourſe; and to the making it more paſſionate and lively. What ſhall I ſay of the varying of *Caſes*, *Tenſes*, *Perſons*, *Numbers* and *Genders?* How they checquer and quicken a Piece? As to *Numbers*, there are *Singulars* whoſe termination is *ſingular*, but take them rightly, and they have the power and force of *Plurals*. *A mighty croud of people*, ſays ſome one, *ran towards the Offing, and made it ring again with their confus'd ſhouts*. And theſe *Singulars* are more to be taken notice of, becauſe *Plurals* are commonly more magnificent than *Singulars*. For their multitude gives them majeſty and grandeur. As in that paſſage of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus* ſays,

Confuſion! Horrour! on theſe Nuptial Rites,
Which damn'd me firſt to wear an human Image,
And then to ſtain my Father's Bed with Inceſt.
What? Fathers! Brothers! Sons & Husbands too!
What? Wives & Mothers! Siſters & Daughters!
Oh! what a medley of Relation's here!
'Tis deſperately foul! 'Tis wond'rous horrid!

All

All theſe Names and Titles deſcribe, and concenter in *Oedipus* only on one ſide, and in *Jocaſta* on the other. But the Number being diffus'd and multiply'd into ſeveral *Plurals*, ſeems to aggrandize the misfortunes of *Oedipus*. And thus the Poet,

Stern Hectors, *and* Sarpedons *ſally'd out.*

Thus in that paſſage of *Plato*, which I have hinted at elſewhere, touching the *Athenians*. *They are not* Pelope's, *nor* Cadmi's, *nor* Ægypti's, *nor* Danai's, *nor other Salvage or Native Barbarians who live with us: but we are all Grecians, nor have we any other Blood in our Veins, but what is truly* Greek. And commonly the things ſound much more pompouſly when the words, which expreſs them, are multiply'd. But we muſt take heed to do this only, when there is reaſon for it: when the ſubject will bear enlargement, multiplication, aggravation; or when a paſſion is repreſented: one of theſe, at leaſt, if not more. For to dreſs a Diſcourſe all over with Bells and Trinkets, looks extremely Pedantick.

CHAP. XXI.

Of Plurals *chang'd into* Singulars.

BUt on the contrary, *Plurals* ſhrunk into *Singulars*, ſometimes carry an high port of Sublimity. *All* Peloponneſus, ſays the Orator, *was bandy'd into Factions.* Thus

Herodotus : When Phrynichus *caus'd his Tragedy,* The Siege of Miletum, *to be acted, all the Theatre burſt into tears.* To draw many things into one, gives ſomething of Body and Nerves to a Diſcourſe. In the upſhot, I judge that there is the ſame reaſon and ground for both theſe Figures. For whether you multiply *Singulars* into *Plurals*, and of one thing make many, or whether by cloſing *Plurals* in one *Singular*, which ſounds agreeably to the ear, of variety you make unity ; in both caſes, the ſurprize of the change ſhews that you are in a Paſſion.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the change of Tenſes.

THis is, when we talk of a thing paſt long ago, as if done at preſent ; when it looks not like a Narrative, but as if the fact was really repreſented to your eyes. *A Souldier,* ſays *Xenophon, being fal'n under the feet of* Cyrus's *Horſe, and being trodden upon by the Horſe, ſtabs him in the belly with his ſword. The wounded Beaſt curvets about, and ſhakes* Cyrus *out of the ſaddle.* Cyrus *falls to the ground. Thucydides* is much taken with this Figure.

CHAP.

CHAP XXIII.

Of the change of Perſons.

CHange of *Perſons* is alſo very moving. It often makes the hearer believe, that he is in the middle of the danger, which the Poet is deſcribing. Thus *Homer*, painting a very hot Engagement,

You'd ſwear that from their Wounds freſh force they drew,
That as their toils, ſo did their ſtrength renew.

And *Aratus*,

In that rough Month ne're venture out to Sea.

And thus ſomewhere *Herodotus* : *When you come out of the City of* Elephantina, *on the riſing ſide of it, you will immediately meet with an Hill, from it you will fall into a Plain, Champion Country. When you have travel'd over that, you may take Ship anew, and in twelve days you will arrive at a great City, call'd* Meroe. You ſee, my deareſt Friend, how he carries your Mind along with him, and conducting you through ſeveral Countries, he ſeems rather to repreſent them to your eyes, than your underſtanding only. This rule wiſely manag'd, captivates the hearer, as it were, and keeps him fix'd to the action. When your diſcourſe ſeems not to be directed

rected at rovers, to all in general, but to be addreſt to him alone.

Diſorder ſpread through all, nor cou'd you tell,
For whom the brave Tydides *fought ſo well.*

For by theſe appeals to the Audience, you render them more attentive and thoughtful, and more full of the things you talk of.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of ſudden Tranſitions.

SOmetimes it chances that an Author, talking of ſome one, all on a ſudden puts himſelf into his place, and acts his part: And this Figure is a ſign, that the Paſſion is extremely violent.

But Hector *cries aloud t' his Troops to quit*
The pillage of the Field, and fire the Fleet:
'For by the Gods, that Slave who diſobeys,
'His Life, t' attone for his loſt Honour, pays.

The Poet, as is the moſt proper, reſerves the Narration for himſelf, but preſently, without giving any notice of it, he puts the menace into the mouth of this warlike and furious General. And his diſcourſe would have grown cold, if he ſhould have interpos'd: Hector *ſaid theſe, or ſuch like words.* But by this ſurprizing Tranſition he prevents

vents the Reader, and he is fal'n into it, before he is aware of it. The true uſe of this Figure is, when the time is ſhort, and the occaſion will not let us delay it; then we ſhall on the ſudden be oblig'd to paſs from one perſon to another: as in *Hecatæus*. *The Herauld being heinouſly mov'd at theſe things, orders the Deſcendants of the* Heraclidæ *to withdraw.* 'I can do no more for you, 'Gentlemen. *In the upſhot, you are undone, and 'you will force me to go, and ſeek for a retreating 'place in ſome forreign Country.* Demoſthenes makes uſe of this Figure in his Harangue againſt *Ariſtogiton*, with a great deal of Paſſion, with the fineſt turn of Thought, and the moſt beautiful variety of Perſons imaginable. *Is there no one in this auguſt Aſſembly*, ſays he, *who takes it amiſs, or is angry, that this impudent Villain ſpurns at the moſt ſacred of things, our Laws. A Villain did I ſay?--- Who --- Oh! the greateſt Villain on the face of the whole earth. Could nothing ſtop thy brazen'd, thy harden'd Roguery? I do not ſpeak of Gates or Bars, which another might break as well as thy ſelf.* He leaves his Thought unfiniſh'd, his Paſſion holding him in ſuſpence, and divided between two Perſons. *Villain did I ſay? Who ---- Oh! the greateſt Villain on the face of the whole earth.* But then on a ſudden turning his Harangue againſt *Ariſtogiton*, which he ſeem'd to have quite thrown off, he makes his Diſcourſe much more moving, much more poinant. Thus in that tranſport of

Pe-

Penelope, when ſhe ſees an Herauld coming from her impertinent Lovers:

O Herauld ——
Why from the croud of Suitors are you come?
What news bring you a mournful Widow home?
To bid my Handmaids lay their Tasks aſide,
And for thoſe ins'lent Gueſts a ſumptuous feaſt provide?
Tho' they ſhould now their ſofteſt Courtſhip move,
And woo with all the eloquence of Love;
No more with their unwelcome Suits i'll bear,
Nor longer entertain them trifling here.
In ſwarming Multitudes ye here reſort,
And prey on all the ſubſtance of my Court,
Exhauſting both our ſtores of Corn and Wine,
While at my Son's expence the Pavements ſhine.
Sure ye have never from your Fathers heard,
How great Ulyſſes *in their Courts appear'd.*

By another Hand.

CHAP. XXV.

Of Circumlocution.

I Believe there is no one will doubt, but that *Circumlocution* too is highly uſeful in *Sublime*. For as in Muſick, the principal Note ſounds more agreeably to the skilful Ear, when it is in conſort with thoſe Diſcords and different parts which reply to it: ſo a *Circumlocution* curiouſly turn'd round a ſuitable

ſuitable word, by a natural report to it, makes up a Concord and Harmony, which form the beauty of a diſcourſe; eſpecially when there is nothing jarring and high ſtrain'd, but all things are juſtly tun'd up, and harmoniz'd. To evidence this, witneſs *Plato*, in the entrance of his funeral Harangue: *We have faithfully diſcharg'd our laſt duty to 'em, and now laden with theſe honours, they are performing their fatal Voyage: they are conducted out of this world, with all the Pomp and State, which either the Publick could beſtow, or their own Relations contrive.* Do not theſe expreſſions give a more than ordinary height to the Diſcourſe? Does he not rather by the agreeable uſe of the *Circumlocution*, change the naked words into a kind of a muſical Cadence? Thus *Xenophon: You look upon Labour and Induſtry, as the only guides and conducts to an happy and pleaſant life: You have entertain'd in your Souls the moſt generous Principle, that ever enter'd into a Souldier's Breaſt; for you dote on Praiſe and Honour above all things in the world.* Inſtead of ſaying, *You are Induſtrious;* he ſays, *You look upon Labour and Induſtry, as the only guides and conducts to an happy and pleaſant life.* And thus by enlarging every thing, he makes his Thought more *ſublime*, and raiſes their Character.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of the Abuſe of Circumlocution.

NOthing can be more ſuitable than *Circumlocution*, if it is not us'd without meaſure: for then it falls faint and deadiſh, and reliſhes too much of the *Sir Formal Trifle*, and Bumbaſt. Thus *Plato*, who is a great admirer of Figures, and as ſome think employs them ſometimes without ſence, as in that paſſage of his Laws: *You muſt not let the Golden Riches, and the Silver Riches take root in our Commonwealth.* Where the Criticks droll, that if he had forbidden the having of Sheep and Oxen, he would have call'd them, *Sheep Riches*, and *Oxen Riches*. But I have been large enough, deareſt *Terentianus*, in explaining the Figures, the third ſource and cauſe of *Sublime*: and it is clear, that they make any Diſcourſe more lively and paſſionate: And Paſſion has as much of *Sublime*, as *Sublime* it ſelf has of Beauty and Grace.

CHAP. XXVII. *30,31.*

Of the Choice of Words and Expreſſions, the Fourth ſource, or cauſe of Sublime.

SInce Thought and Expreſſion are commonly the one explain'd by the other, let us here take a view of the method of ma-

managing that part of the Diſcourſe which regards the Expreſſions. Now the choice of ſtately, ſublime, and fit Expreſſions carries a wonderful influence towards the pleaſing and moving an Audience. And there can be nothing, from whence, either an Orator, or any other Writer in general, may draw greater ſublimity, beauty, grace, clearneſs, weight, force, and ſtrength for their Works, than from the choice of their Words. 'Tis by them that all the charms diſcover themſelves in a Diſcourſe, as ſo many curious draughts in a rich Table. They give to all things, as it were, a vocal Soul, an imaginary Life. And in the upſhot, graceful Expreſſions are the native lights of our Thoughts. However we muſt be careful, not to be too prodigal of them in all junctures. For to deſcribe a low, mean Buſineſs in huge and ſtately Words, unleſs it is in Poetry, is as ridiculous, as if you put a great Play-houſe Vizard on the face of a little Child.* But tho' we cannot expreſs a ſmall Subject in huge ſwelling Words, yet ſometimes familiar and ordinary Expreſſions may be of uſe in an elevated Style. And this may be ſeen in that place of *Theopompus*, that *Cecilius* condemns, which I think is to be valu'd for the juſtneſs and expreſſiveneſs of the Words.

* *I have ventured to ſupply the Deficiency, ſo far as to connect the Sence, having omitted the incoherent piece of* Anacreon.

Philip,

Philip, ſays he, *very* † *eaſily ſwallow'd the affronts, which the poſture of the times forc'd him to ſuffer.* For ſometimes a naked, ſimple Diſcourſe will perform more than all the Pageantry and Embelliſhments of it, as we ſee in the common concerns of Life. And that which is ſpoken with the greateſt familiarity, is the moſt eaſily believ'd. So that diſcourſing of a man, who to raiſe his intereſt, will not only bear all affronts and indignities quietly, but alſo willingly; 'tis very proper to ſay, that he *ſwallows*, or *drinks down affronts.* So in *Herodotus:* Cleomenes *running diſtracted, hacks his fleſh into ſmall bits, and ſo having minc'd himſelf, he dies.* And in another place: Pythes *fought ſo long in his Ship, till he was all butcher'd a-pieces.* Theſe expreſſions, tho' they juſt border on Ruſticity, yet they include ſuch a Sence, as is far above what is vulgar and contemptible.

CHAP. XXVIII.32.

Of Metaphors.

AS to the number of *Metaphors*, *Cecilius* ſeems to be of opinion, that there cannot be above two or three to expreſs the ſame thing. But *Demoſthenes* ought to be our ſtandard in theſe concerns: And there ſeems to be a neceſſity of uſing more

† λιτὸς ὢν ἀναγκοφαγῆσαι.

of

of them at the ſame time; when the Paſſions, like a raging Flood, hurry them down along with them in mighty ſhoals. *Thoſe Miſcreants*, ſays the Orator, *thoſe Libertines, thoſe Furies, thoſe Paraſites, have mangl'd, have maim'd the limbs of their own native Country. They have carouz'd away their liberty, firſt to* Philip, *and now ſince to* Alexander. *Meaſuring their happineſs by the circumference of their belly, and thoſe dirty pleaſures which attend it. They have quite deſtroy'd all ſence of honour, and that noble principle, which the ancient* Greeks *valu'd above all the ſatisfactions of the world, Liberty, and the reſolution never to endure a Lord and Maſter.* By this croud of Metaphors, the Orator vents his ſpleen againſt theſe Traytors. But *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus* think it convenient to ſoften, and ſome way or other excuſe the boldneſs of theſe Figures, by ſuch particles as theſe; *If I may ſay ſo much, if I may ſpeak ſo, if I may talk at this rate, if I may venture ſo raſh a word.* The excuſe, ſay they, is an alleviation of the boldneſs. But ſtill I will maintain, that the moſt natural alleviation of the abundance and boldneſs of *Metaphors*, or any other Figures, is to uſe them ſeaſonably; that is, when ſtrong Paſſions, and ſublime Thoughts demand them. For as lofty and rais'd Subjects by their torrent and violence, naturally tranſport and carry all before them: ſo they require out of courſe ſtrong expreſſions, and leave no time for the Hearer to

amuſe himſelf with harping on the number of the Metaphors, but throw him into the ſame rapture with the Speaker. And for Common-places, and Deſcriptions of things, nothing is ſo expreſſive as a train of *Metaphors*. 'Tis by them that *Xenophon* draws ſuch a pompous deſcription of the Edifice of Man's Body, and that *Plato* paints it with an air more divine even, than he. For he ſtyles *the Head a Cittadel*, and *the Neck an Iſthmus fix'd between it and the Breaſt. The Vertebræ, or turning joints of the Neck, hinges on which it rolls.* He ſays, That *Pleaſure is the bait, by which Man is wheedl'd into all his miſeries; the Tongue the arbitreſs of Taſtes.* That *the * Heart is the ſpring of the Veins, the fountain of the Blood, which is briskly mov'd through all the parts of the Body; and that it is poſted in a Caſtle, ſtrongly guarded on every ſide.* He calls *the paſſage of the Pores, narrow Lanes. The Gods*, ſays he farther, *being willing to provide for the ſafety of the Heart, which might be ſurpriz'd by ſudden accidents, have contriv'd the Lungs of a ſoft ſubſtance, and without Blood, and having ſmall Pores running through them like a Spunge; ſo that when the Heart is fir'd with anger, they might fan and cool it, and keep it from being deſtroy'd by an exceſs of Paſſion.* He calls *the Seat of Deſire, the Apartment of the Women*; and *the Reſi-*

* Anatomy in *Plato*'s time was but in its Infancy; not arriv'd to that Perfection, which it has now acquired under Dr. *Lower*, Dr. *Grew*, Dr. *Hannes*, and the Ingenious of our Age.

dence

Reſidence of Anger, the Apartment of the Men. He ſays, That *the Spleen is the* † *Spunge of the Entrails, and that being fill'd with their Excrement, it ſwells and ſtruts out. And to finiſh this curious Maſter-piece of their Creation, the Gods and Nature ſhaded, and cover'd it all over with Fleſh; which might be a Rampart to fence it againſt heat and cold; and which like Wool, or Down, might eaſily and ſoftly wrap it round.* He calls *Blood the Forrage and Paſture of the Fleſh; and that all the parts might be fed and batten'd, Heaven has wiſely open'd, as in a Garden, ſeveral Rivulets, that the ſtreams of the Veins iſſuing out of the Heart, their Fountain, might run into all the narrow windings of the Body.* And *that when Death arrives, the Fibres and Strings by which the Soul acted, break and untwiſt, juſt like the Rudder-bands of a Ship, and ſhe is left alone to roam at liberty, and at random.* Theſe, and a thouſand touches beſides which follow, ſuffice to ſhew us the natural grandeur of every Figure, but of *Metaphors* in particular: and how well ſuited they are for Paſſion, or Deſcription. But farther it is clear enough of it ſelf, without my ſetting it in a fairer light, how naturally every Figure hales us along towards an exceſſive uſe of it. And

† *'Tis not* μαγειρεῖον, *a Cookry-Room, as* Langbain, Boileau, *and others read it: But* ἐκμαγεῖον, *a Towel, Napkin,* &c. *See* Plato *in* Timæo, *Tome* III. *p.* 72. *Edit.* Serrani.

this is the reaſon, why *Plato* is ridicul'd, becauſe that oftentimes, as if tranſported by ſome kind of madneſs, he ſuffers himſelf to be born away into hard and extravagant *Metaphors*, and into over-bold and ſwelling *Allegories*. *It is eaſy to be apprehended*, ſays he, *that a Society ought to be order'd and qualify'd juſt like a Flask of Wine, where the Wine is heady, hot and boyling, till it is ſtoutly chaſtis'd by another ſober Deity incorporated into it, by which it becomes cool and terſe, and fit to drink.* Where the Criticks reflect, that to call Water a *ſober Divinity*, the tempering of them a *ſtout Chaſtiſement*, and to be ſo much taken with theſe little, odd Witticiſms, reliſhes ſomething of a Poet, who is not over ſober himſelf. And this may have given *Cecilius* an opportunity, to declare ſo boldly in his Notes on *Lyſias*, that he is a better writer than *Plato:* being mov'd to give this ſentence by two incentives equally unreaſonable; by a love to *Lyſias*, greater even than Self-love, and by as vaſt an hate of *Plato*. To which we may add a ſpirit of contradiction, which runs through the writings of this Author. But his concluſions are not ſo infallibly grounded, as he may fancy them; and his partiality is viſible, in ſeverely criticiſing on the imperfections of *Plato*, and in repreſenting *Lyſias* a compleat writer, without flaw or tarniſh. But where is that perfection to be diſcover'd, which has no fault, or blemiſh?

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

An Enquiry, by way of Digreſſion, whether a common, ordinary Style, which has no faults, excells a Sublime one which has ſome.

IT may be worth our enquiry to examine in general, whether a Speech, or Poem, which is truly *Sublime,* yet has ſome blemiſhes, is more excellent than a common and ordinary one, which is finiſh'd in every part, and does not flag in any: or whether in the excellencies of Compoſures, greater regard is to be had to the number, than the ſize. Theſe enquiries fall of themſelves into our Subject, and muſt of neceſſity be canvaſt. And firſt, I conclude that an uncommon grandeur cannot maintain that elegance in every point, which an ordinary one may. For there is danger of dwindling into low and baſe, when we ſtrive to be over exact; and it is with *Sublime,* as with a perſon who is extremely rich, he cannot have his eye upon every thing, but muſt of neceſſity make many over-ſights. On the other hand, 'tis almoſt impoſſible, that common, low, ordinary Spirits ſhould be guilty of any blunders. For they never venture, they never are on the wing, but are always on

ſafe ground, whilſt *Sublime*, by being high, becomes extremely ſlippery and dangerous. Neither do I forget, that we naturally judge of Compoſures by their dark ſides, and the idea of their imperfections remains undefac'd, while their beauties glide ſmoothly off the Mind. And tho' I my ſelf have diſcover'd not a few faults in *Homer*, and in other great Authors, and perhaps have as nice a reliſh of their deformities as any Man breathing, yet cannot I ſo properly ſtyle them faults, as negligences, as inadvertencies, committed out of a grandeur of Spirit, which towring on its Pinions, ſcorn'd to ſtoop to exactneſs in trifles. And I will uphold that *Sublime*, tho' it does not always keep an even pace, ſtill deſerves the firſt rank in Compoſures. For *Apollonius* in his Poem of the *Argonauts*, and *Theocritus* in his Paſtorals, excepting ſome few blemiſhes, are both happy in their beauties, which have no ſtain to diſgrace them. But would you rather be *Apollonius*, or *Theocritus*, than *Homer?* The *Erigone* of *Eratoſthenes* has no faults: *Archilochus* hurry'd by the force of his divine Spirit, which is hard to be regulated, is often extravagant and diſorder'd. Is *Eratoſthenes* therefore the greater Poet? And in Lyricks, would you rather be *Bacchylides*, than *Pindar?* Or in Scenicks *Ion*, than *Sophocles?* becauſe the pureſt graces ſhine through the unblemiſh'd features of their ſmooth and eaſy ſtyles. But *Pindar* and *Sophocles*, by their ſtrong motion, burn up

up all about them, if we may ſo ſpeak; but then ſometimes they are quench'd on a ſudden, and fall flat without any reaſon. Yet there is no Man of tolerable ſence, would think all the Works of *Ion* of equal value with the *Oedipus* only of *Sophocles*.

CHAP. XXX.

A Parallel between Hyperides *and* Demoſthenes.

IF the excellence of a Compoſure was to be rated by the number, and not the quality of its beauties, *Hyperides* would be far ſuperior to *Demoſthenes*. His Cadences are much more muſical, and he ſurpaſſes him almoſt in every thing. Juſt like thoſe Prize-players, who have ſome skill in each weapon, but are not abſolute Maſters of any. He has copied the perfections of *Demoſthenes* throughout, except in his compoſition of words: and with them he has combin'd the ſoftneſs and graces of *Lyſias*. He can ſmooth and poliſh the roughneſs of a Diſcourſe when he pleaſes; and can vary his humour much better than *Demoſthenes*. He draws the manners and humours of Mankind with greater eaſe, and a more agreeable turn. He is Maſter of a true, genteel raillery. And his ways of drole and ridicule are noble, as well as decent. He is an exact manager of the Irony.

His Jeſts are not dry, or affected, by endeavouring to be too refin'd, but poinant and lively. He is very ingenious in baffling an Objection, by laughing at it. He is exceeding witty, and full of game. His ſtings are ſo well directed, that they pleaſe, while they wound. His manner of ſpeaking is matchleſsly charming and inimitable. Nature ſure deſign'd him to touch and raiſe our tendereſt Paſſions. He is large and diffus'd in his fabulous Narratives. He has an admirable flexibility of ſpirit in Digreſſions; as in the Poetical Hiſtory of *Latona*: and he has ſhewn ſuch ſtate and grandeur in compoſing a Funeral Oration, that I think he may challenge all Mankind to equal him. On the other hand, *Demoſthenes* has no genius to deſign the manners. He is not ſpacious in his Style, flexible in his Humours, or has any thing of pomp in his language; nay, he has ſcarce any of thoſe perfections, which I hinted at before. And if he ſtrains and ſcrues up himſelf to be facetious and witty, to ridicule any thing, he makes nothing ridiculous beſides himſelf; and is the greateſt Jeſt in his own Farce. And really he is moſt dull and inſipid, when he thinks that he is extremely ingenious. But to give my ſence of both theſe Writers; all the numerous beauties of *Hyperides* ſeem to be of an ordinary rate. They are not bold and extravagantly daring; they are not brisk and active; and the hearer may with a ſafe conſcience

ſnore

ſnore out a nap, whilſt they are pronouncing. None was ever poſſeſt with ſuch an awe for his writings, none ever approach'd them with a ſacred dread, and fear of being too highly tranſported by them. But now *Demoſthenes* has receiv'd from Nature, and accompliſh'd and mellow'd by Study, the higheſt ſtrain of *Sublime,* that ever was. His Paſſions are all lively, his Conceits all rich, ſmart and ingenious, quick and ſparkling; but above all, we can never ſufficiently admire his power, nerves and ſtrength, which never any perſon equal'd. Oh! they were given him by ſome God or other, for 'tis blaſphemy to call them *humane.* And in theſe beauties, in which his excellence lies, he tranſcends all of mortal race. He aſtoniſhes his Audience, and leaves his Rivals thunderſtruck by his Eloquence. And one might more eaſily look with open eyes on the lightning, when it flaſhes in one's face, than not be touch'd by the train of his Paſſions.

CHAP. XXXI. 35.

The Parallel of Plato *and* Lyſias; *and of the dignity of an humane Spirit.*

THe compariſon between *Plato* and *Lyſias,* as I obſerv'd before, is far different from the former Parallel. For he exceeds *Lyſias,* not only in the excellence, but alſo

alſo in the number of his beauties. And I advance farther, that *Plato* out-does *Lyſias*, not ſo much on the ſcore of the latter's want of beauties, as of the real faults with which he abounds. * What did theſe divine Spirits, who aim'd at perfection in all their Compoſures, deſign then, in this their ſlighting exactneſs in their performances, aiming only at what is grand and *ſublime*? This may be one great reaſon of it, that Nature has not deſign'd Man to be a Creature of a low rank, of an ignoble ſtandard, but has given him Life, and brought him into the world, as into a great Theatre, to be a curious obſerver of all that paſſes in it; and not only ſo, but on this mighty ſtage, to be an high-ſpirited actor, breathing after nothing but glory and renown. And in order to this end, ſhe has inſpir'd into our ſouls reſiſtleſs love for every thing, which appears great and divine; ſo that the whole circle of the World is not wide enough for our boundleſs thoughts, and unconfin'd ſpeculations. Our ambitious fancies range farther than the flaming limits of the Heavens, and the moſt diſtant proſpects of the Univerſe. And if at a nearer ſtand we take a juſt view of a Life, which has been great and illuſtrious in all its parts, we ſhall quickly ſee for what a grandeur we are deſign'd. By this

* *I believe that there is a Chaſm here, though not obſerved even by* Dacier *himſelf; for it ſeems natural that the Parallel ſhould have been longer.*

natu-

natural impulſe it happens, that we do not admire little Rivulets, how clear ſoever the Water is, or how wholſom; but we are ſurpriz'd and raptur'd at the ſight of the *Nile*, the *Danube*, the *Rhine*, but chiefly of the *Ocean*. We are not at all mov'd to ſee a little Fire, which we have lighted, preſerve its flame pure and untainted for a conſiderable ſpace; but we are amaz'd at thoſe flames which are kindled in the Heavens, tho' they diſappear almoſt as ſoon as ſeen. And we think nothing more worthy of our admiration than the Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*,

Which hurl forth Stones, and Rocks, and flakes of Fire.

Now from hence we may conclude, that what is neceſſary and uſeful for Man, has nothing admirable, as being eaſily compaſs'd; but that which is extraordinary, deſerves our wonder, and our ſurprize.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Parallel between an Ordinary and Sublime Style, and the Close of the Digression.

FRom hence it appears, that in *sublime* Discourses, * where use and advantage are not indispensably combin'd with grandeur, tho' they are not above some imperfections, as we shew'd before, yet they have somewhat which raises them far above every thing, which is mortal and groveling. Excellence in any other part of a Discourse, shews the writer to be advanc'd only to the highest standard of Humanity; but *Sublime* raises him up, till it has exalted him to be a kind of a God. To be without faults, makes an Author no other than unblameable, but *Sublime* renders him the object of universal wonder. What shall I say farther? These extraordinary writers oftentimes by one noble beauty, one *sublime* flight, attone for all their faults. Nay more than this, should any one cull out all the deformities of *Homer*, *Plato* and *Demosthenes*, and other great Authors, and draw them into one prospect, they would appear the smallest

* *For* Dacier *very well reads it,* ἐφ ὧν οὐδὴ τ' ἔστω τῆς χρείας καὶ ὠφελείας πίπτει τὸ μέγεθος.

part,

part; nay they would be almoſt inviſible, when plac'd nigh the graces of theſe Hero's. And this is the reaſon, that envy and malice themſelves cannot hinder them from bearing away the prize, which they keep ſtill, and are like to maintain to all eternity.

While Rivers in their oozy Channels flow,
And circl'ing Springs on Groves freſh Youth beſtow.

But it may be reply'd: a *Coloſſus* which has any flaws, is not to be valu'd above a ſmall Piece which is entirely finiſh'd; as the *Souldier cut in Armour* by *Polycletus*. But to this it may be rejoin'd, that in performances of Art, we have the greateſt regard to the exactneſs of the workmanſhip; but in works of Nature, to the grandeur of it. Now to diſcourſe is a work of Nature. Farther, in a Statue we only mind its reſemblance to its original; but in a Diſcourſe, as I obſerv'd, we look for ſomething divine and extraordinary. But to return to my firſt deſign: as it is the buſineſs of Art, to keep all of an equal height; and as it is hard for *Sublime* to maintain it ſelf ſtill ſoaring on the wing, and always preſerve the ſame tenour; ſo it is neceſſary that Art ſhould aſſiſt and ſuccour Nature; becauſe nothing, but their combination, can produce abſolute perfection. And this I thought neceſſary to the canvaſſing of theſe enquiries. But I do not deſign to impoſe my thoughts, as infallible rules: let every one abound in his own ſence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of Parables, Images, and Hyperbole's.

NExt to *Metaphors*, to return from my Digreſſion, follow *Parables* and *Images*, which only differ on this one account. *

* * *

Of this ſtamp is that Hyperbole: *If you bear your brains in your heads, and do not trample them under your heels.* We muſt take good heed to confine our Hyperbole's; for Hyperbole's loſe their grace by being carry'd too high, and are ſlacken'd by being ſtrain'd too hard, and their ſucceſs proves quite contrary to our expectations. Thus *Iſocrates* falls into Pedantry, by a ſilly ambition of ſpeaking every thing with an air of grandeur. 'Tis the aim of his Panegyrick, to make it appear, that the *Athenians* have contributed more effectually to the common good of *Greece*, than the *Lacedæmonians*; and thus he proves it in the entrance of his Speech. *Since Diſcourſe has that power, that it can make great things little, and little ones great; that it can repreſent old things as new, and can make new things look as if they were exceeding ancient*, &c. Is this your way, *Iſocrates*, may ſome one ſay, to turn all things upſide down which belong to the *Spartans* and *Athenians*. This is

* *All the Treatiſe of Parables and Images is loſt, and part of that of Hyperbole's.*

proving

proving with a witneſs, and as much as to bid the hearers look to themſelves, for you are reſolv'd to banter them. Hyperbole's therefore, as all other Figures, are beſt, when they are conceal'd with the greateſt skill; and they look fineſt, when a ſprightly Paſſion, in middle of ſome great Circumſtance, gives them life. As *Thucydides*, of the *Athenians* who were cut off in *Sicily*. *The* † *Spartans* (ſays he) *being come down thither, made a great Carnage of thoſe who had taken the River. The Water was immediately ſtain'd with Blood: however all dirty and bloody, as it was, they fought to come to drink of it.* 'Tis very ſtrange, that Men ſhould not only drink of a compoſition of Blood and Mud, but fight for it too. But the grandeur of the Paſſion, and the ſurprize of the Circumſtance, give it ſome colour of truth. Thus *Herodotus*, of thoſe *Spartans* who fought at the Paſs of *Thermopylæ*. *They defended themſelves with their broken, ſplinter'd Arms, till the Enemies, by their continu'd batteries, had buried them, as it were, under their* * *ſpears and ſtones*. What think

† *This place is in* Thucydides, *Book* VII. ὅτι τῶ Πελοποννήσιοι ἐπικαταβάντες. *Not as* Langbain, Faber, *and* Boileau *read it*, συνεχῶσοι. * *Mr.* le Fevre *reads* χερμαδίοις καὶ δόρασι *for Dr.* Langbain's χερσὶ καὶ σώμασι. *For the* Spartans *were too far from the* Perſians, *to fight with their Hands and Teeth. The Latin Tranſlator very barbarouſly renders* σώμασι, *by* vocibus.

ye

ye of *fighting with their ſplinter'd arms*? Of being *buried under the* Perſian *ſpears*? But theſe carry ſome ſhow of probability, as well as the former, becauſe the *Hyperbole* is unaffected, and riſes agreeably from the matter it ſelf. But to keep cloſe to my concluſion: the certain, aſſured expedient, to keep an *Hyperbole* from grating, is to employ it in a Paſſion, and when the thread of the Diſcourſe ſeems to invite it. This is ſo true, that on the ſtage the greateſt extravagance will paſs for probability; becauſe it raiſes a Paſſion, the Paſſion of Laughter. For Laughter is a Paſſion form'd in the Soul by the ſentiment of that which is pleaſant. Of this nature is that ſtroke in the Comick: *He had a Farm in the Country as big as a* * *Poſy for a Ring*. To cloſe this Diſcourſe: an *Hyperbole* may be uſed to leſſen, as well as to enlarge; for both are perform'd by exaggeration. And a *Diaſyrmus* is a kind of *Hyperbole*, which if taken right, is nothing elſe but the exaggeration of a baſe, ridiculous object.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Of the ordering and filing the Words; the fifth Cauſe of Sublime.

THe fifth cauſe of *Sublime* is yet left behind, unexplain'd: which is an ordering and filing of the Words and Thoughts.

* ἐπιτάλης Λακωνικῆς.

But

But having publiſh'd two Diſcourſes on this ſubject, I ſhall only here hint at what is indiſpenſibly neceſſary; as for inſtance, That Harmony is not only a charm, which Nature has fix'd in the voice of Man, to perſwade and pleaſe with; but it is an * Inſtrument, which has a ſtrange power to raiſe the Courage, and move the Paſſions. For does not the Flute, for example, move the Soul of the hearer, and fill it with a ſacred rage, as if it was tranſported out of it ſelf? Does it not force the motions of the Body to humour the turn of its Cadence? But not the Flute alone, but almoſt all ſounds have the ſame influence. Not that they of themſelves form any idea's in the Soul, but by the change of their Notes, by their mixture and conſort, they produce a ſurprizing tranſport, an inexpreſſible extaſy. But theſe are nothing but the ſhades and reſemblances of voice; they are not natural, but, if I may ſo ſpeak, baſtard and illegitimate ſounds. And if theſe can perform ſuch wonders, what ſhall we ſay of an harmonious compoſition of words? which is the muſick of Diſcourſe; which is natural to Man; which does not touch the Ears alone, but ſtrikes the Mind; which is crowded with ſuch a variety of names, thoughts, things, beauties and graces, with which our ſoul carries a ſecret ſort

* Boileau *has render'd* ὄργανον *in this place,* *Inſtrument* inanime, *but falſly.*

of harmony, a strict and close relation; which by the mixture and difference of sounds receiv'd into our breasts, infuses into the hearer the Passions of the speaker, and builds up a true *Sublime* on the basis of lofty words and expressions. Does it not nobly contribute to form a grandeur, majesty and height of Discourse? Does it not enhance all its graces, and make it to have an entire and absolute command over the soul, which it ravishes and captivates? Would it not be madness to question a truth so generally own'd and experienc'd? There are several instances of this in *Demosthenes*, particularly in his Speech entitl'd, * *Of the Crown:* where the words are so neatly contriv'd, that change any out of its place, the symmetry of the whole will become irregular, the purity will be tarnish'd and sully'd.

CHAP. XXXV.

On the same Subject.

'TIS just so with a Discourse, as 'tis with a natural Body, whose beauty rises from the union, and just proportion of every part: and tho' each limb by it self has nothing graceful, yet jointed together they form a most beauteous frame. Thus the parts

* *The beauty is only proper to the* Greek, *and therefore could not be Translated. The words are,* Τοῦτο τὸ ψήφισμα τὸ τότε τῇ πόλει περιστάντα κίνδυνον παρελθεῖν ἐποίησεν ὥσπερ νέφος.

of

of *Sublime*, when they are pull'd aſunder, the *ſublimity* is quite loſt; but when each feature of it is combin'd, their harmonious juncture, and the turn of the Periods render them elevate and ſounding. So that we may reſemble *ſublimity* in Words to a Club, where each one pays his ſhare to the common ſhot. And this is ſo true, that ſeveral Poets and Writers, whoſe genius is not *ſublime*, maintain the port of it in their Compoſitions, tho' their thoughts are uſually flat, vulgar and courſe; but they raiſe themſelves by the ordering and filing of their Words, which ſwell and aggrandize their Diſcourſes, and keep us from ſurveying their lowneſs. * *Philiſtus*, *Ariſtophanes*, and chiefly *Euripides*, are of this rank: as we may obſerve in the laſt of theſe, where *Hercules*, after he had kill'd his Children, ſays,

* *With ſuch a train of Ills at once oppreſt,*
My Soul wants verge to lodge another Gueſt.

The Thought is very ordinary, but he gives it luſtre by the quaint, and as it were, harmonious turn of words. But put them into another order, and you will quickly diſcover that *Euripides* is more expert in the ranging of his words, than in his ſence. Thus in his Tragedy of *Dirce* carry'd away by a Bull.

And, wheeling, bore, with a quick ſweepy ſway,
The Oak, the Dam'ſel, and the Rock away.

* *Philiſcus*, Dacier. * *The harmony of the Words is hard to be preſerv'd in a Modern Language, as of the following Inſtance.*

This Thought, 'tis true, is very ſprightly, but that which ſtrengthens it moſt, is the muſical Cadence, which is neither too quick, or violent, nor like a dead weight, overdull and ſlow; but the Words are reſted one on another, and attended with ſeveral pauſes, which are the true ſupports and raiſers of a Diſcourſe.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the ordering of the Periods.

NOthing ſo much debaſes a Style, as broken Numbers, which are too ſwift and fluent: theſe are only ſuited to the genius of a Dance. They are too ſoft and effeminate, and have always the ſame fall, which can never touch the Paſſions. But what is worſt of all, as we obſerve in little wanton Airs, where not the ſence and words are minded, but the ſinging, and the meaſures; thus theſe ſet, and formal ſentences do not derive into the ſoul any kind of Paſſion, but only the impreſſions of the Cadence; inſomuch that the Audience foreſeeing how the Period is likely to end, can repeat it before-hand to the Orator, and are pre-poſſeſt, as in a Dance, with every turn and motion. Farther, 'tis a great blemiſh to a Diſcourſe, when the Periods are too nicely wrought, when they are too little, when they are over-ſtock'd with ſyllables, which laſt makes them ſo diſ-jointed, that they cannot be clos'd by any thing, but Nails or Pins. CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.
Of ſhort Periods.

THere is nothing which maims a Diſcourſe more, than the ſhortneſs of its Periods: for the ſence is rumpled, as it were, by being crouded into too narrow a compaſs. But by ſhort Periods, I do not mean thoſe which naturally fall ſo, but ſuch as are cut off and contracted againſt their own tendency. For to break the Periods too ſoon, puts a ſcatch upon the Mind; but when they have their juſt length, they ſteer on the ſoul of the hearer to the end of its Voyage. But on the other hand, if they are overlong, the ſuperfluity of the words without ſence lies heavy, * faint and deadiſh on the ſpirit.

CHAP. XXXVIII.
Of low and vulgar Expreſſions.

LOw and vulgar expreſſions extremely darken the beauty of *ſublimity*. *Herodotus*, in his *Polyhymnia*, gives us a divine deſcription of a Storm, as to the ſence; but Heavens! how is it debas'd by ignoble words, and which fall beneath the majeſty of the ſubject? Of this nature may be reputed this expreſſion, *The Sea began to ſeeth;* the awkard turn of this one word *ſeeth*, diveſts the ſentence of its grandeur. *The wind*, ſays he in

* *Dr.* Langbain *very groſly takes* ἀπὸ ψυχα *in its moſt vile ſence, and tranſlates it*, pro excrementis, *&c. But this is not agreeable to the good-manner'd ſtyle of our Author: I therefore underſtand it in its other ſignification.*

another place, *began to be pretty mutinous, and thoſe who were caſt a ſhore by the Ship-wrack, did not come to a very pleaſing end.* That term, *began to be mutinous*, is too mean and vulgar; and that Epithet, *no very pleaſing end*, has too gay an air along with it, to paint ſo diſmal an accident. Thus the Hiſtorian *Theopompus*, deſigning a majeſtical proſpect of the King of *Perſia*'s Deſcent, has ſully'd the whole with ſome little clowniſh expreſſions. *What City*, ſays he, *what Country in* Aſia, *did not ſend in their Ambaſſadors to the King? What was there precious, either produc'd by Nature, or wrought by Art, which was not preſented to him? How many pieces of Arras, Cloths of Gold, and Tiſſue? How many rich Veſts, ſome ſcarlet, ſome white, and others of various colours? How many gilded Canopies and Tents, furniſht with all kinds of Accoutrements? What variety of Robes of State, and ſumptuous Beds; of Plate, both gold and ſilver Cups and Bowls, ſet with Jewels, and wrought by the greateſt Artiſts? Moreover many thouſand ſtands of Arms, forreign and Grecian. An exceſſive number of Sumpters, and Beaſts for Sacrifice. Buſhels of the moſt poinant Pickles; Sacks and Magazeens of Paper, and other utenſils; ſuch a mighty quantity of fleſh of all kind of Creatures ſalted, that thoſe who ſaw the heaps at a diſtance, miſtook them for the hills and riſings of the ground.* From the loftieſt advance, inſtead of ſoaring ſtill higher, he dwindles into the loweſt fall.

For

For by a very awkard mixing of Sacks, Pickles and Buſhels, he ſeems to debaſe that glorious Scene, which he had before drawn, into the Geography of a Cook's ſhop: and is as ridiculous, as if you ſhould rank a train of Sacks and Buſhels among golden Bowls ſet with Diamonds, ſilver Plates, gilded Tents, and the richeſt Veſſels. As this would be an ugly Landskip to the eyes, ſo are theſe vulgar expreſſions unſuitably plac'd hateful to the ears; and are ſo many infamous brands, ſo many flaws which diſgrace an Harangue. It would have been much better to have chang'd and contracted this Diſcourſe a little, and to have ſaid in general, inſtead of thoſe hills of ſalt Meats and other Proviſions, that *They ſent the King Camels and Sumpter-Horſes, laden with all things neceſſary for uſe or pleaſure;* or that *they brought in piles of the moſt delicious Viands, the moſt wholſom, and the moſt curious;* or, *all that the greateſt Maſters in the Art of Eating and Cookery value moſt.* For in *Sublime* we muſt not droop into baſe and contemptible phraſes of ſpeaking, unleſs we are forc'd by the greateſt, and moſt preſſing extremity. The majeſty of the Theme ought to be reſembled, by the nobility with which it is expreſt. It will be convenient in this to imitate Nature, who takes care not to diſplay thoſe parts which we are aſham'd of, and thoſe which are deſign'd for her moſt ordinary offices; but in the ſtyle of *Xenophon*, *She conceals, and ſets in a private apart-*

ment thoſe ſinks, which might diſparage the beauty of the noble Creature. But I need not deſcend to particulars; for having given an account of what makes an Harangue great and *ſublime*, it muſt follow, that the quite contrary muſt render it baſe and groveling.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Of the Cauſes of the decay of Wit and Eloquence.

I Have only one thing more, my deareſt *Terentianus*, which I ſhall not fail to add for your inſtruction, to the cloſe of this Eſſay. It is an enquiry made me lately by a Philoſopher. 'I cannot ſufficiently wonder, ſays he, 'as well as ſeveral others, how it chances that 'in our Age there are a great many Orators, 'who are compleat Maſters of the Art of Perſwading; whoſe Style is truly Rhetorical; 'their Thoughts not only acute, but clear, 'and extremely charming; yet we very ſeldom ſee any one come on the ſtage, whoſe 'genius is *ſublime* and elevate. So exceedingly 'barren are our preſent Wits in their Compoſures. Is this the reaſon which is commonly given out, that a popular State is the kindeſt Nurſe of great Spirits, ſince the nobleſt 'Orators have grown up under, and alſo expir'd with it? For liberty, as they preſs 'the Argument, is the apteſt to cheriſh and 'brood up the ſentiments of Men, whoſe ſouls 'are train'd up for Glory. This draws them 'on, and awakens their Emulation, and that 'natural

'natural inclination we have to ſurpaſs and 'out-do one another. And farther, thoſe 'rewards which are beſtow'd in Common-'wealths, poliſh and plane off all that is 'rough in the Orator's thoughts: they refine 'his parts, and the flawleſs luſtre of that free-'dom his Country enjoys, ſhines in all that 'he ſays or does. But we, *proceeds the Phi-'loſopher*, of our Age are accuſtom'd from 'our Infancy, to be ſlaves to a kind of law-'ful Tyrant; ſo that our tender Souls are 'ſwath'd, if I may ſo ſpeak, into the cuſtoms 'and faſhions of Monarchy, and never have 'the leaſt reliſh of that beauteous, and moſt 'fertile ſource of Eloquence, Liberty. And 'this is that which makes all of us ſuch 'proficients in the Arts of Flattery. And 'this was the reaſon, he believ'd, that tho' 'a ſervile Spirit might be capable of all o-'ther Sciences; yet he boldly affirm'd, that 'a Slave could never prove an excellent 'Orator. For a Genius maul'd, as it were, 'and broken by the uſe of bearing its yoke, 'can never have the boldneſs to ſpeak the 'truth. All the vigour of his Wit muſt 'quickly evaporate into Fume, or remain 'faſt bolted in its Gyves. For as *Homer* 'obſerves,

That hour which locks a Pris'ner cloſe in Chains,
One half, at leaſt, of his pure Honour ſtains.

'Juſt as thoſe ſmall Cabinets, if the com-'mon ſtory is true, in which great Men keep 'their

'their *Pygmies*, which the unlearned call
'*Dwarfs*, do not only hinder the future
'growth of their Priſoners, but alſo make
'their preſent ſtature leſs. So ſlavery, tho'
'it is the juſteſt and the eaſieſt, is a kind of
'Cabinet, or Priſon to the Soul.

I know that Man is very apt, (reply'd I,) nay that it is very natural for him to find fault with the preſent poſture of Affairs. * But it is not Monarchy which decays Wit: for if the charms of an overlong Peace ſoften the tempers of great Spirits, much more muſt this tedious War, which for ſo long a time has diſturb'd the whole World, ruffle and diſcompoſe them. With theſe we may join thoſe Paſſions which conſtantly beleaguer our Life, and hurry and drag our Souls along with them into confuſion. The eager deſire of Riches, which is a diſeaſe we are all deſperately ill of, and the love of Pleaſure, enſlave us, or rather drown us, and all our excellencies in a bottomleſs deep. For Avarice is the baſeſt, and Pleaſure the moſt unmanly diſtemper of the Soul. And I cannot ſee, upon a ſevere reflection, how thoſe who ſet a great value, or rather adoration on Riches, can preſerve themſelves from receiving into their breaſts all the evils which uſually attend them. For Luxury and Profuſion move cloſe after, nay on the ſame level, with plentiful Fortunes, and exceſſive

* *This place is thus ſupplied, and the Dialogue alter'd by Mr.* Dacier, *by a very neat Conjecture.*

Eſtates.

Eſtates. Thoſe open the Gates of Houſes and Families, into which they not only enter, but abide and batten. Nor do they make their reſidence, or as the Philoſophers ſtyle it, their Neſt there long, but they propagate and multiply. And what is their iſſue, I pray you, but Pride and Effeminacy? Theſe are not their Baſtards, but their Children lawfully begotten. And if we ſuffer this brood of Riches to grow up, immediately they alſo teem with Inſolence, Lewdneſs, and with ſear'd and harden'd Impudence, which like ſo many Tyrants, lord it in our boſoms. When a Man therefore is once grown careleſs in improving his Virtues, he has no ſence of, nor does he longer admire any thing but what is vain and fleeting: and there muſt be ſuch a diſorder in his Soul, that he can never raiſe his eyes up to look above himſelf; nor can he ſpeak any thing but what is very low and ordinary. And in a ſhort time, there will be a general decay in all his Faculties. What was grand and noble in his Soul will ſpeedily be lowr'd and fade; and all that he can gain will be only contempt and ſcorn. A Judge who is biaſt and brib'd, can never give a true ſentence in the concerns of juſt and honeſt, becauſe his own intereſt will triumph over the equity of any cauſe, when his ſence of things is once perverted by a Preſent. How then can you expect in a ſeaſon, when ſuch an univerſal Corruption miſleads the whole

bent

bent of our Lives; when one lays Ambuſcades to ruin another, or to trick himſelf into his Will, as his Heir; when our only aim is lucre and gain, to which we are ſuch Vaſſals, that we would pawn our very Lives for it: in ſuch a general contagion of Manners, how can you look to find any Man of ſuch an entire Judgment, and ſo free from Paſſion, who not brib'd or blinded by Intereſt, can taſt what is truly great and worthy Eternity? In the upſhot, is it not far better that Men of our Character ſhould be under the government of Lords and Maſters, rather than be left to a deſtructive liberty, leſt the inſatiable rage of Covetouſneſs, like a Mad-man who has broke out of his dark room, ſhould attack all near it, and at length ſet the whole World on fire? 'Tis Luxury, I boldly vouch, which has bred this Lethargy in the ſouls of all, except a few choice Spirits of this preſent Age. And if we have any lucid intervals of this Diſeaſe, continued I, our faint endeavours only aim at Vainglory, or Pleaſure, not at any gallant Emulation, or noble Advantage. But we have reflected long enough on this, let us now make ſome farther Advances. The next Topick to be manag'd were the Paſſions, of which I promis'd a diſtinct Treatiſe; becauſe in my opinion, they have ſo vaſt an influence on the *ſublimity* of any ſort of Speech.

FINIS.

THE

CONTENTS.

Chap. I. *The occaſion and deſign of the whole Work.* page 1
Chap. II. *Whether* Sublime *may be learn'd; and a ſhort ſcheme of thoſe faults which interfere with it.* 4
Chap. III. *Of the Pedantick Style.* 8
Chap. IV. *Of the Cauſes which make a Style Frigid or Pedantick.* 12
Chap. V. *Of the Marks of* Sublime. 13
Chap. VI. *Of the five Cauſes of* Sublime. 14
Chap. VII. *Of that height of Spirit, which helps us to conceive things happily; and particularly of grandeur of Soul, the firſt thing neceſſary to it.* 17
Chap. VIII. *Of the improving of this kind of* Sublime *by Circumſtances and Incidents.* 24
Chap. IX. *Of Amplification, or Enlargement.* 28
Chap. X. *Where Amplification, or Rhetorical Enlargement is defin'd, and farther explain'd.* 30
Chap. XI. *Of Imitation, another way of improving that* Sublime *which conſiſts in height*

height of Thoughts; ſhewn from Plato's *Writings.* 32
Chap. XII. *Of helps to true Imitation.* 35
Chap. XIII. *Of Images, a third Method of improving the* Sublimity, *or Height of Thoughts, or Spirit.* 36
Chap. XIV. *Of the contrivance, and artificial Turn of Figures, the third Cauſe of* Sublime; *and particularly of* Apoſtropha's. 41
Chap. XV. *That Figures loſe their beauty, if not interwoven into* Sublime. 45
Chap. XVI. *Of Interrogations.* 47
Chap. XVII. *Of the Combination of ſeveral Figures.* 48
Chap. XVIII. *Upon the ſame Subject.* 50
Chap. XIX. *Of the* Hyperbata. 51
Chap. XX. *Of the change of Numbers; and firſt, of* Singulars *chang'd into* Plurals. 54
Chap. XXI. *Of* Plurals *chang'd into* Singulars. 55
Chap. XXII. *Of the change of Tenſes.* 56
Chap. XXIII. *Of the change of Perſons.* 57
Chap. XXIV. *Of ſudden Tranſitions.* 58
Chap. XXV. *Of Circumlocution.* 60
Chap. XXVI. *Of the Abuſe of Circumlocution.* 62
Chap. XXVII. *Of the choice of Words and Expreſſions, the fourth ſource, or cauſe of* Sublime. ibid.
Chap. XXVIII. *Of* Metaphors. 64
Chap. XXIX. *An Enquiry, by way of Digreſſion, whether a common ordinary Style which has no faults, excells a* ſublime *one which*

which has ſome. 69
Chap. XXX. *A Parallel between* Hyperides *and* Demoſthenes. 71
Chap. XXXI. *The Parallel of* Plato *and* Lyſias *and of the dignity of an humane Spirit.* 73
Chap. XXXII. *The Parallel between an ordinary and* ſublime *Style, and the cloſe of the Digreſſion.* 76
Chap. XXXIII. *Of Parables, Images and Hyperbole's.* 78
Chap. XXXIV. *Of the ordering and filing the Words, the fifth cauſe of* Sublime. 80
Chap. XXXV. *On the ſame Subject.* 82
Chap. XXXVI. *Of the ordering the Periods.* 84
Chap. XXXVII. *Of ſhort Periods.* 85
Chap. XXXVIII. *Of low and vulgar Expreſſions.* ibid.
Chap. XXXIX. *Of the cauſes of the decay of Wit and Eloquence.* 88